

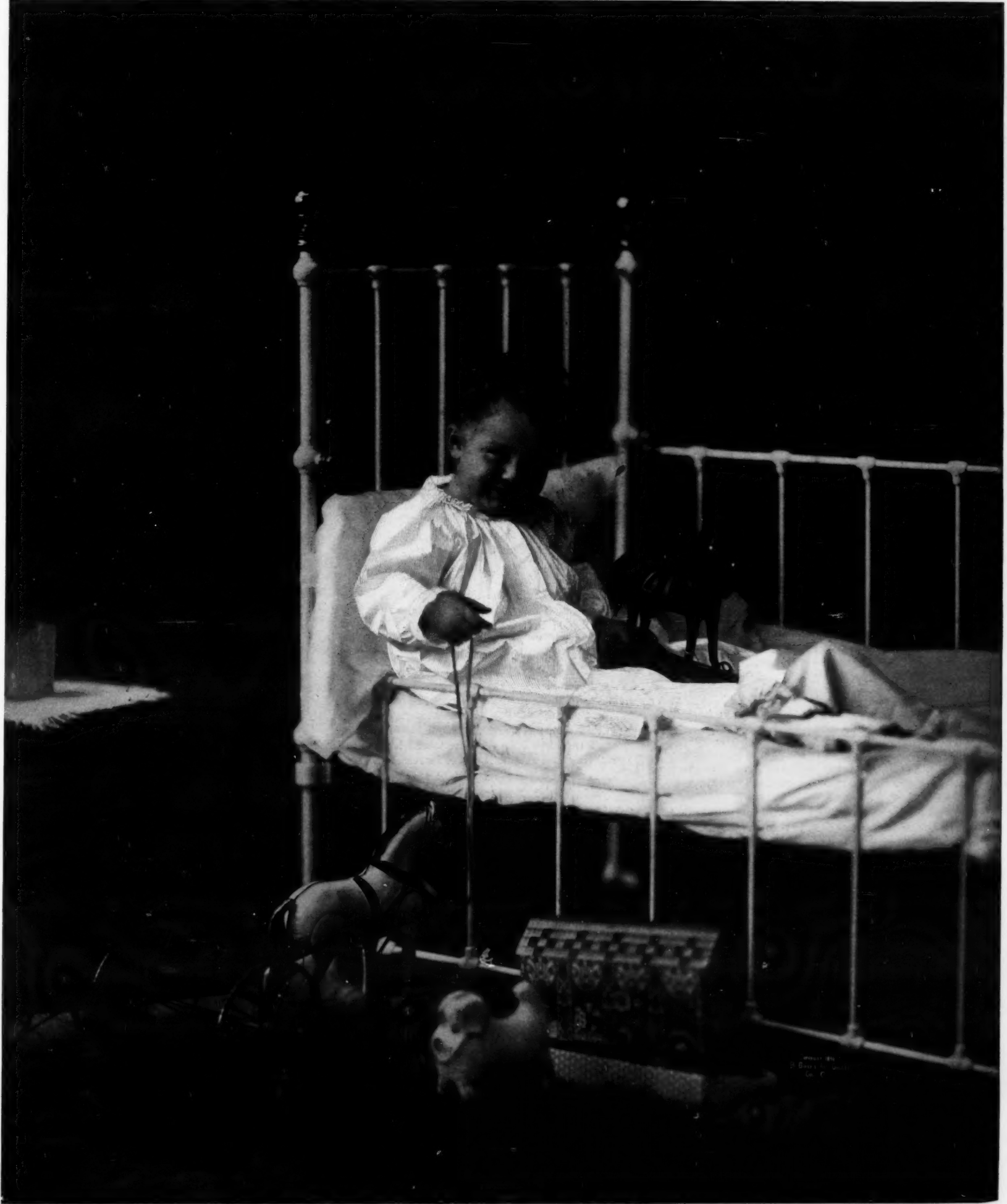
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Copyright, 1896, by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities wherever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

## A Chance for Commercial Travelers.

No experiences in every-day life are more interesting than those of the commercial traveler. The "drummer," as he is sometimes called, is the best of story-tellers, and his most interesting narratives concern his own varied experiences. LESLIE'S WEEKLY would like to print some of the most interesting personal reminiscences of the American commercial traveler, and to that end it offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best story, sketch, experience, or reminiscence from one hundred to five hundred words long, and one hundred dollars for the best story from five hundred to two thousand words long. The stories submitted must relate to actual experiences. LESLIE'S WEEKLY is to have the privilege of using all the articles submitted in the competition without any other than the prize payment, unless stamps are inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The competition is limited to a period extending to the 1st of May next, and the award of the prizes will be made by the literary editor of this paper. Communications should simply be addressed to the Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## The President's Good Example.

THE whole country was touched by the filial affection which President McKinley showed as soon as the sad news of his mother's illness reached him. On the eve of the opening of Congress, with his message awaiting its finishing touches, and the eyes of the nation focused on his utterances, the news of his affliction came. With a filial devotion altogether too rare in this country, he dropped his task as it stood and hastened to the bedside of his dying mother. The permanent value of such an example, set by the President himself, cannot fully be appreciated. It might well be made the topic of a children's sermon in every pulpit in the land.

Foreigners invariably, and often justly, criticize the apparent lack of deference that American children show to their elders. Just as much of affectionate regard for their parents may be felt by American children as by children in other civilized countries, but the manifestation of it here is sadly lacking. The tendency of the American boy and girl to independence of action and feeling is sometimes mistaken for precocity, and is excused and pardoned accordingly; but it should be remembered that children can be affectionate as well as precocious, even if they seldom are both.

Ex-Senator Evarts once remarked that in this country affection seems to descend rather than to ascend. In other words, that the love of the parent for the child is greater than that of the child for the parent; and the love of the grandparent for the grandchild is greater than that of the grandchild for the grandparent. This, no doubt, is true everywhere, but other nations demand and secure greater obedience on the part of children, if not higher regard for their parents, than we in the rush and push of American life seem to demand or secure.

## The Year's Foot-ball.

THERE is at least poetic justice in the coincidence of fact that the past season of 1897, while marked by a somewhat violent though short-lived agitation against foot-ball, has been perhaps the most brilliant and prosperous in the history of the game in America. The masterly review published in LESLIE'S WEEKLY a fortnight ago by Mr. W. T. Bull, of Yale, the famous player, coach, and authoritative critic of foot-ball, has attracted wide attention, and the optimistic conclusions reached from the summary of facts there presented are soundly justified.

The substantial basis of public interest upon which the sport rests is attested by the simple statements that Harvard and Yale divided thirty thousand dollars as their share of the receipts of the Cambridge game, while nearly the same amount was realized from the Princeton-Yale contest; and that the games played in Philadelphia between the University of Pennsylvania team and those

of Harvard, Cornell, Lafayette, and the Carlisle Indians attracted the grand total of eighty thousand spectators, at prices ranging from half a dollar to five dollars per head. The same enthusiasm for foot-ball was manifested in a proportionate degree in most of the principal schools and colleges throughout the country.

This is overwhelming testimony to the high popularity of the most heroic of manly sports. Brain and brawn, courage and agility, stratagem and dash, well-ordered force and firm endurance—the essential qualities, in fact, of great soldiers in the field—are here enlisted in full play. The tackles, the runs, the mass-plays, and general tactics, from kick-off to goal, are at once Napoleonic and Homeric, worthy of celebration in epic song. And the playing has been generally clean, withal, pervaded with the spirit of the chivalry of sport. If a few accidents have attracted more than passing attention, it has been in some measure that they were conspicuous by their rarity, and over-worked by certain fanatical opponents of the game.

Another feature of Mr. Bull's article is his selection of the ideal all-America foot-ball eleven from the star players of the different colleges. It would be composed as follows:

Ends—Boyle, Pennsylvania; Cochran, Princeton. Tackles—Outland, Pennsylvania; Chamberlin, Yale. Guards—Chadwick and Brown, Yale. Centre—Cadwallader, Yale. Quarter—De Saulles, Yale. Halves—Fultz, Brown; Wheeler, Princeton. Full-back—Minds, Pennsylvania.

The most formidable combination Mr. Bull can devise to play against the above-mentioned all-America team is the following:

Ends—Cabot, Harvard; Hall, Yale. Tackles—Rodgers, Yale; Swain, Harvard. Guards—Hare, Pennsylvania; Bouvé, Harvard. Centre—Doucette, Harvard. Quarter—Baird, Princeton. Halves—Kelly, Princeton; Dibble, Harvard. Full-back—McBride, Yale.

These are what theatrical people call "all-star casts." What a battle royal it would be if two such aggregations of giants were to meet and struggle to a finish! But this is a dream, albeit based on a solid and actual possibility.

## Civilization and Suicide.

DOES civilization, after passing the zenith or turning-point of its evolution, become degeneration? Such is the disquieting conclusion reached by many eminent scientific students of the pathology of our race. Of the various symptoms of degeneration, whether racial or family, the extreme and final one is suicide.

Now, it is a fact as unalterably established as a law of nature, that throughout all the world the ratio of suicide corresponds exactly with the ascending scale of civilization. Thus, among the lowest savages self-destruction is practically unknown; the Indian tribes in America are less civilized than the negroes, and suicides among the latter are about eighteen times as numerous as among the former; while they are ten times more frequent, proportionally, in the white race than among the colored population. Moreover, suicide is steadily increasing throughout the entire English-speaking world. In the United States the suicide record since 1890, according to recent statistics, stands as follows: 1890, 2,040; 1891, 3,531; 1892, 3,960; 1893, 4,436; 1894, 4,912; 1895, 5,750; 1896, 6,520.

But, say those whose comfortable philosophy it is to shirk and avoid unpleasant truths, this is the age of statistics and sensationalism—perhaps there are not really any more suicides than there always have been, only nowadays we read about them all in detail in the newspapers. Unfortunately, this theory is the veriest delusion—no serious investigator of the facts has ever entertained it for a moment. Admitting that suicide is on the increase with us,

"the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time," we naturally ask, Why? Some say that—so far as our own country is concerned—it is because of the mixed and cosmopolitan character of our population. Others think the tendency to self-slaughter grows with the decline of religious faith. Neither of these reasons, however, nor both of them together, will suffice to account for the actual conditions as stated on scientific authority.

Professor Lawrence Irwell, of Buffalo, New York, in his careful monograph on the subject, reprinted from a recent number of the *Medical News*, gives impressive reasons for his conviction that the degeneration of the human race, of which the suicidal impulse is a sign, is the result of the many deteriorating influences inseparable from what we call "civilization," with its excesses and vices. It is among the wealthy and "educated" classes, chiefly, that degenerates are fostered, in opposition to the inevitable process of natural selection. "Never in the history of the world," declares Professor Irwell, "was there a time when such strenuous efforts were made to prolong the lives of the absolutely unfit, that they might have an opportunity of reproducing their kind; never was there a race which suffered as the English-speaking race is now suffering from the fertility of the worst specimens of humanity."

Another specialist—Dr. C. H. Hughes, of St. Louis—in a paper read lately before the Missouri State Medical Association, goes so far as to affirm that the world would be better off if there were more suicides. "Not all men who commit suicide ought," he says, "but more ought to do so, for the good of the race." The conclusion in which most men who have thought on this portentous subject coincide is that the true process by which racial deterioration may be checked and regeneration achieved is artificial

selection in reference to marriage. If the abnormal and diseased could be induced or compelled to refrain from the reproduction of the species, a great problem would be solved. But unless the physicians be encouraged to speak out, and our boys and girls be taught the principles of general evolution, no improvement can be expected.

## Our "Blackville Gallery."

In this number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY appears the first of four pictures which will be known as our "Blackville Gallery." They will represent photographs of some of the most amusing phases of negro life.

We print these pictures by special and exclusive arrangement with Messrs. Knaff & Brother, of Knoxville, Tennessee. These characteristic scenes in negro life have been photographed by the artist with unusual skill.

We call the attention of professional and amateur photographers to our Blackville Gallery. The pictures suggest photographs of other phases of life of a specially interesting character. If any can be found to rival in interest our Blackville Gallery we shall be most happy to hear from the finders.

The first of the four pictures we produce represents "A Rehearsal of the Blackville Choir."

Others that follow will be

2. A Blackville Wedding.

3. A Blackville Ball.

4. A Blackville Fortune-teller.

Collectors of rare and curious pictures will do well to store among their treasures our Blackville Gallery.

## Our Prosperity Puzzle.

ONE of the most amusing, ingenious, and instructive picture-puzzles ever designed is printed in this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Every reader should look at it, whether he tries to solve it or not. Its ingenuity at least deserves attention, aside from our offer of one hundred dollars in prizes for the correct solutions.

The pictures of the members of President McKinley's Cabinet are printed, and they are so divided into squares that various parts of each picture can be utilized to form a perfect picture of President McKinley. With a little study the puzzle can be worked out. Let our readers try it.

## The Plain Truth.

SOMETHING of a sensation was created at the opening of Congress by the discovery that the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate was strictly enforcing the rules prohibiting the sale of liquors in the Senate wing of the Capitol. It is about time that this rule was enforced in both wings. The disgusting spectacles that have been witnessed more than once during exciting sessions of Congress, and which have been due to the antics of members more or less intoxicated, have shocked the moral sense of the people. If members of Congress cannot get along during public hours without indulging too freely in intoxicating stimulants, it would be better for them that they remain at home. Public office should not be a public "bust."

Have you read the President's message? How few can answer in the affirmative. How few ever read the message of the President or the Governor of a State. Yet we are told that the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament is always looked forward to by the English people, and is always eagerly read. Perhaps the length of the President's message militates against it. It certainly is a document pregnant with far greater possibilities than the humdrum speech of the Queen at the opening of Parliament. The message of every President should be read by every citizen who has the welfare of his country at heart, and who desires to be informed as to the condition and progress of the people. The facts, statistics, conclusions, and suggestions it contains embody the best thought of an administration and of its principal advisers. Every good citizen should set apart thirty minutes every year for the perusal of the President's message, and many minutes more to properly digest it.

There is a hot fight in the old State of Vermont over the approaching gubernatorial campaign. Whoever receives the Republican nomination for the Governorship of Vermont is sure of election. It is as strongly Republican as Texas is Democratic. President E. C. Smith, of the Central Vermont Railroad, and General J. G. McCullough, of Bennington, another railroad man—the former representing the northern and the latter the southern part of the State—are contestants for the Governor's seat. The fight may get so warm that a dark horse will have to be taken up. If that should be the case, all factions could be brought to ready agreement in favor of the nomination of Dr. W. Seward Webb, of Shelburne, president of the Wagner Palace Car Company, who has resided in Vermont for many years. Dr. Webb displayed rare executive ability in reorganizing the Wagner service and making it equal to the best in the world. He is a leading member of the Vermont Legislature, and has proved himself to be a very capable and industrious public official. He has wealth, social position, and is in the prime of life. As one of the most popular Republicans in the State, he is bound to be its Governor in the not distant future.

The courageous manner in which Miss Helen Gould, the daughter of the late Jay Gould, the millionaire railroad organizer, hastened to defend his good name when it was attacked by women who had conspired not only to defame his character, but also to obtain a division of his money, does her great credit. No doubt she could have easily settled the suit out of court and escaped all the unpleasant publicity and notoriety which her appearance in court occasioned; but with the same firmness and courage that characterized her father, she refused from the outset every offer of compromise, and fought to the end for the vindication of her father's name. Her brother, George J. Gould, busy man as he is with the care of many millions, gave his sister his cordial support. No labor and no money was spared in the effort to clear the name of Jay Gould. It was charged that when he was a young man Jay Gould had married a country girl, whom he subsequently deserted. It



was shown that the charge was the result of a conspiracy, and the conspirators themselves were compelled to walk into court and confess their guilt. If every attempt at blackmail were met as promptly and fought as vigorously, respectable men and women generally would rejoice.

If the public lose confidence in the good faith of the newspapers in criticising public officials, the responsibility must rest largely with the newspapers themselves. One of the greatest public works undertaken in this country for many years has been the enlargement of the canal system of New York, so successfully prosecuted by the superintendent of public works, Hon. George W. Aldridge. Nearly nine million dollars have been expended in this work, and shipping men and commercial bodies have spoken in the highest terms of the admirable results achieved. To advertise this improvement, which embraces work in nearly all the canal counties throughout the State, something like eighty thousand dollars has been spent out of an appropriation of nine million dollars, or less than one per cent. of the total amount. Yet some newspapers have found fault because of the liberality displayed in the advertising. We doubt if any other public or private work involving contracts of such magnitude has been constructed in recent times with so small a percentage of cost for advertising expenses. No doubt it would have been agreeable to a few contractors who are always ready to grab public work, if there had been no advertising, so that competition would have been out of the question. It would be well if other public officers would emulate the example of Superintendent Aldridge and let public contracts only after general publication of the nature of the work had been made.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—AMONG the *hors concours* contributors to the forthcoming exhibition of photographic art at the National Academy of



ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF.

Design, New York City, will be Miss Zaida Ben-Yusuf, whose work, like her personality, is of notable distinction and charm. This work, in which she has achieved extraordinary success in a comparatively short space of time, is called "pictorial photography." It is genuinely artistic and creative, in that the mood and individuality of the creator, in the treatment of a given subject, whether portrait, composition,

or landscape, are impressed upon the picture as its principal motif. Miss Ben-Yusuf's studies have been exhibited at the London Salon, one of the most advanced and exclusive schools of photography in existence. Her photographic posters have been particularly successful, fairly rivaling in this line the work of the best designers and illustrators. It may be remarked without indiscretion that none of Miss Ben-Yusuf's pictures surpass, if they equal, in attractiveness the portraits of herself. The accompanying one, by Berthaud, of Paris, is characteristic. It suggests the essentially Mauresque beauty of the young artist, who is an Algerian by birth, though reared and educated in England. Her studio, on Fifth Avenue below Eighteenth Street, is a marvel of Oriental draperies and furnishing, harmonizing in itself and with its occupant.

—General Cassius Marcellus Clay, of Kentucky, is eighty-seven years old, and has led as turbulent a life as has fallen to man in this comparatively peaceful nineteenth century.



GENERAL CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.

And even yet his troubles are not over, for he is having a hard time with his young wife—a child chosen a few years ago from what in Kentucky is called the "poor white" class. The wife has left her aged husband and refuses to return, though he breathes direful threats as though he were the god of war. General Clay belonged to the class of 1832 at Yale, and while at New Haven was converted to abolitionism by hearing William Lloyd Garrison speak on the subject. Returning to Kentucky, he began an active anti-slavery crusade, though his father, General Green Clay, was a large slave-owner. As early as 1845 General Cassius Clay published the *True American*, an anti-slavery paper, in Lexington, and he continued to print his journal, though his office was mobbed now and again, and once, in his absence, his whole printing plant was shipped to Cincinnati. On one occasion he made a fort of his office and mounted cannon on the editorial tables. He covered the outside of the building with sheet-iron, and was then prepared for defense. He put a keg of powder in the building and attached a fuse to it, arranging a secret passage of escape for himself and associates. In case he could not hold the office he meant to retreat and then blow up the whole place, his victorious assailants included. No one in the least doubts that he would have carried out his intentions had the mob secured an entrance. When General Clay made a political speech

in the stirring times between 1850 and 1860 he always had several bowie-knives within reach and a brace of pistols in front of him. He did not invite interruptions from those who disagreed with him. He has had a great many personal encounters, and has said that his experience justified him in believing that a knife was a much more formidable weapon in a row than a gun. At any rate, he has carved up a good many men who placed a too great reliance on saltpetre. Mr. Lincoln sent him as minister to Russia, and recalled him the next year to make him a major-general of volunteers. After a year's service in the army he resigned and returned as minister to Russia, where he stayed some five or six years. He also saw service as a captain in the war with Mexico. General Clay has always been both erratic and willful. Not to agree with him and to follow his lead has always provoked his violent enmity. He quarreled with his first wife and is unfriendly towards his children. He is a picturesque old chap, but he must be uncommonly uncomfortable to live with. He turned Democrat some fifteen years ago, and at once killed a negro to prove, it was suggested, the sincerity of his change of faith.

—A serious accident to a leading member of the House of Representatives marked the opening of the session this year. After the President's message had been read, Representative James J. Belden, of Syracuse, started for his home, and while going down the west stairway, stumbled and fell, suffering severe cuts and bruises. Mr. Belden comes from Syracuse, New York, and has for many years been one of the ablest and most successful public men in this State. He has an enormous fortune; is interested in leading financial institutions and corporate enterprises; is the owner of the *Syracuse Post*, and is a good type of the self-made American, for his prosperity has been the result of industry and good judgment. No Representative in Congress has been more successful in passing his bills than Mr. Belden, and it is a common remark among New-Yorkers who seek legislation that "If Mr. Belden's influence can be secured, your bill is all right."

—Kentuckians are not very proud just now of the newspaper war as to what woman shall have the honor of christening the new man-of-war *Kentucky*. It appears that Mr. Herbert, who was Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, in a moment of expansive exuberance, suggested to a Miss Richardson, of Lexington, a young woman he met at supper in



MISS HARRIET B. RICHARDSON.

Washington, that her beauty and her other charms combined to make her a most proper person to name the ship when the new vessel should be launched. Miss Richardson took the gallant secretary seriously and announced her intention of breaking a bottle of fine Kentucky bourbon over the prow of the boat as she started down the ways. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Herbert went out of office before the *Kentucky* was ready for the water and the whiskey, and so he could not make good his engagement with Miss Richardson. From the correspondence given to the press it appears that, in acknowledging Miss Richardson's gift of a bottle of old whiskey, Mr. Herbert notified her that the christening of the *Kentucky* would belong to a new administration. Now it appears that Miss Richardson did not take the secretary so seriously. When the *Kentucky* was nearly ready for launching, Governor Long, the new secretary, advised



MISS CHRISTINE BRADLEY.

the Governor of Kentucky that he would be pleased if that officer would select a lady for the place of honor. Governor Bradley named his daughter, Miss Christine, who is a school-girl in Washington. Now Miss Richardson became angry, and she attacked Governor Bradley, Mr. Herbert, and Secretary Long with a sharpness of assault and retort the like of which, seasoned politicians though they are, they never experienced before.

The whole controversy has been undignified and painful, and the only person who has acted with modest self-repression appears to be Miss Christine Bradley, who has declared that she will not wrangle over such a matter, nor accept the honor if the propriety of her acceptance should be questioned by any one of consequence.

—The Players Club of New York, founded by Edwin Booth, and incorporated in 1888, has over five hundred resident members, and nearly as many non-resident, comprising not only actors, theatrical managers, and dramatists, but also men engaged in the professions of literature, painting, sculpture, archi-

itecture, and music; a clergyman or two for leaven; various patrons of the arts, and alleged connoisseurs who "patronize" the artists. One of the incorporators of the club was Mr. Stephen H. Olin, a distinguished member of the Bar, who makes brilliant speeches that are not intended for and seldom get into print. At the last Founder's Night, at the stroke of midnight, in making the customary address leading up to the time-honored toast to the memory of Booth, he hit off his fellow Players in such apt phrases as these: "In point of comfort and congeniality, our success is assured. We even exult in the possession of that fine flower of club life—at once the desire and despair of house committees—the habitual grumbler, censorious but constant:

Who dining, dames; but damning, daily dines.

And here are players whose talent, kept from the stage, has found other expression: miracle players who in college halls make great truths attractive to unformed minds; players who appear in the variety shows of the magazines, or the continuous performance of the daily press; players who enliven grave buildings with melodrama and masque and ballet; players who declaim in marble, and jest in terra-cotta; players who, by the wayside, delight us with impersonations of heroic life, and awe us with new rendering of the immortal tragedy of Death."

—Medical circles are in upheaval over the discovery by a San Francisco physician of an oxy-tubercule, which is said to be a more successful cure for consumption than any

of the lymph of the celebrated Koch. Dr. J. O. Hirschfelder, the inventor, is a physician of repute in San Francisco, where he has been in practice for many years. His income from his practice is said to be almost forty thousand dollars a year, of which he annually spends some ten thousand in his laboratory investigations and experiments. The latest discovery made by Hirschfelder has been quietly tried for the last two years. Dr. Hirschfelder is one of the faculty of Cooper Medical College, and has experimented upon the consumptive patients in the City and County Hospital of San Francisco. The results of these experiments with living cures, in the shape of former patients, were laid some time ago before the State Medical Society of California. The results of Dr. Hirschfelder's experiments, and his process, have been published in some half dozen of the leading medical reviews abroad. Several very prominent men in San Francisco have been treated after their lives had been given up by other physicians, and the most satisfactory results reached. A committee composed of some of the oldest and most experienced physicians in Cooper Medical College have examined into Dr. Hirschfelder's method and indorsed it as original and a decided improvement on the Koch lymph. There have not been lacking local physicians in San Francisco ready to denounce Dr. Hirschfelder and his discovery. They declared that back of it was a commercial scheme. The criticisms of these have been silenced by arrangements now on foot to put the oxy-tubercule on the market and distribute it free of charge to all who apply, so that the results may accrue to every one. Up to a certain point Dr. Hirschfelder's process is the same as that used by Koch. Both use veal bouillon, but instead of using water in a strong centrifugalizing machine, as Koch does, Hirschfelder oxidizes his fluid by the using of peroxide of hydrogen. The mixture is kept at one hundred degrees centigrade for thirty hours, and at that time is found to be almost completely oxidized, with free peroxide of hydrogen left over, which must be neutralized. This mixture is then injected hypodermically and has no bad results. So far there has not been a single abscess, or even an induration of the skin, as the result of these injections. Dr. Hirschfelder says that he has injected as much as one hundred per cent., or over three ounces, at one time into a patient, without even a rise of temperature. The publication of Dr. Hirschfelder's process has brought inquiries to him from all over the country, and his tubercule bids fair to make him famous.

—One of the greatest of the recent business "deals" is that by which the Boston gas properties have been transferred from their former holders into the hands of Messrs. Whitney, McMillin, and Elkins, representing a large syndicate, of which Mr. Henry M. Whitney, of Boston, is the head. Mr. Whitney, who is a younger brother of ex-Secretary of the Navy W. C. Whitney, has been identified with many of the most important business enterprises of Boston. He is at this time president of the Metropolitan Steamship Company, and is also president of the Dominion Coal Company. He was for some years president of the West End Street Railway Company, and it was under his management that the change from horse-power to electricity was made. Mr. Whitney was born in the little country town of Conway, Massachusetts. He began life as a clerk in the Conway Bank, and later, after he went to Boston, was employed as clerk in various places. Mr. Whitney's winter home is in Brookline. In summer the family live at Cohasset, one of the old towns on the South Shore. He is one of the most delightful of men to meet—so unassuming and honest that he wins the respect and regard of all who come in contact with him.



DR. J. O. HIRSCHFELDER.



MR. HENRY M. WHITNEY.



## OPERA COMIQUE, COMIC OPERA, AND MUSICAL COMEDY.

WITHOUT intending any hypercritical reproach to the Century or the Standard dictionaries, we must say that distinct definitions of the terms "opera comique" and "comic opera" are sadly needed in this community. LESLIE'S WEEKLY will not assume to supply such definitions; but the two or three examples brought together pictorially here may justify a word of comparative comment. Opera comique, in Europe, is grand opera that falls short of the highly tragic or epic—in the same way that serious dramas like "Frou-Frou," for instance, or "Trilby," would be technically classed as comedies. Massenet's "Sapho," with a libretto made by Cain from Daudet's passion-shadowed novel of modern Parisian life, known by the same title, and which has furnished the peerless Calvé with her latest triumphant rôle, takes its appropriate place in the répertoire of

the Paris Opera Comique. Comic opera is still opera, though in its lightest, gayest, most sentimental and unrestricted mood, with spoken dialogue interspersed among its musical numbers. Of such a perfect and delectable example is "Waldmeister," the most recent work of Johann Strauss, the Viennese waltz king, and in which Julie Kopacsy, the blithesome star of Vienna and Berlin, shines brilliantly at Herr Conreid's Irving Place Theatre. But we need not go so far afield, since the production of "The Highwayman," by Messrs. De Koven and Smith, has successfully inaugurated the season of comic opera in English at the Broadway Theatre. Both the librettist and the composer have aimed higher and scored more accurately, this time, than usual. They have produced what may be called a real comic opera, without straining the words, and a discriminating public

cordially accepts the result. Hilda Clark is the prima-donna; while Messrs. O'Mara, Wheeler, O'Donnell, and Macdonough distinguish themselves tunefully and picturesquely.

Musical comedy is easy—especially when it's Irish. Andrew Mack is an Irish hero of the most approved modern type, and two or three times in each act of his play he bursts into song, in a light but sweet tenor voice that occasionally soars to treble. The author of "An Irish Gentleman" is Ramsay Morris, who deserves great credit for his original achievement in making such a play go without red-coats, evictions, tipping priests, nor bog-trotting villains in knee-breeches.

Sadie Martinot wears a new gown in "A Stranger in New York." Is any further excuse needed for our reproduction of her latest portrait?

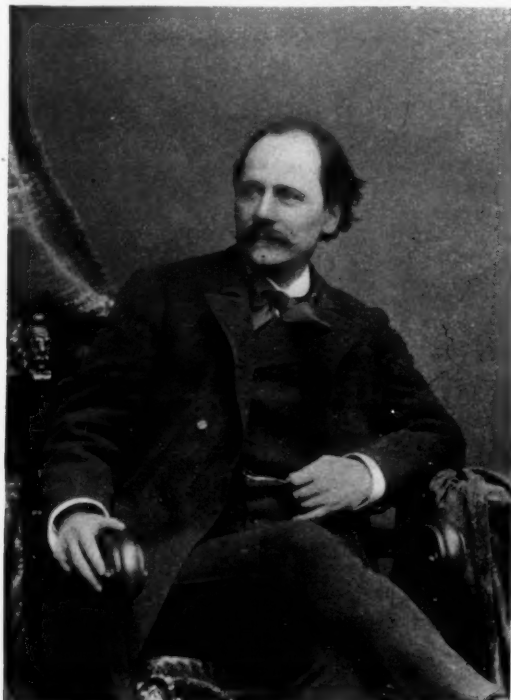


Henri Cain, the librettist.



Emma Calvé, as Sapho.

MASSENET'S "SAPHO," AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS.



Massenet, the composer.

SCENE FROM "THE HIGHWAYMAN," AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.  
Photograph by Byron.SADIE MARTINOT IN "A STRANGER IN NEW YORK," AT HOYT'S THEATRE.  
Photograph by Sarony.

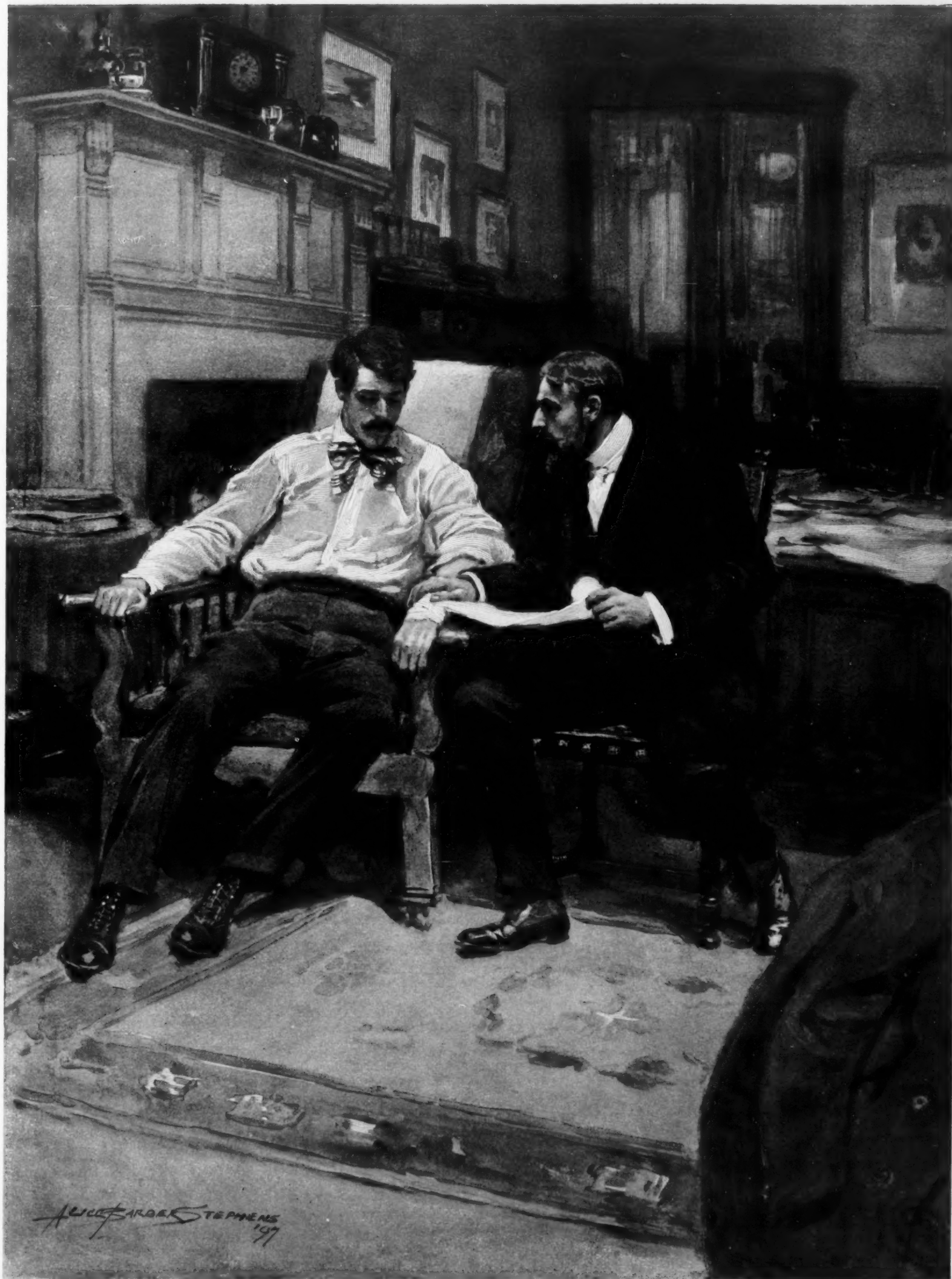
Father Lawler (George W. Deyo) and Jack Shannon (Andrew Mack).



Scene of the accusation (Act II.).

ANDREW MACK AND COMPANY IN "AN IRISH GENTLEMAN," AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.  
Photographs by Morrison, Chicago.





"He bound up the arm, talking the while."

## THEDMORE.

By MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

(Continued from our Christmas number.)

### PART II.

"BUT one other course open to me?" repeated Thedmore. "What do you mean?"

Dr. La Mar shrugged his shoulders slightly. There was still hesitation in his manner.

"Perhaps a surgeon does become hardened in his way of thinking; they all say so," he replied. He rose and walked to his window, where stood a large blooming plant. Carrying it to the table and sitting on the arm of his easy-chair, he began to pluck out the weeds growing about the roots.

"I am not too brutal to love flowers, you see; I always keep

them in my windows." He paused again, as if collecting himself for an effort, and then looking full in Thedmore's face—"Don't you believe in weeding? Cumberers should be thrown out, shouldn't they? The strongest ought to survive."

Thedmore rose to his feet uneasily. "What are you trying to say?"



"Nothing," answered the physician, coolly, turning back to his weeding. "I am only taking care of my own flower. There stands mine cleared and high, strong and beautiful as your love would again were Geoffrey as these." He ended with a sudden passion, holding out his hand, into which the plucked weeds were gathered; then flung them contemptuously from him into the fire.

"That's what I have the right to do, and what—"

"What you think I should do," said Thedmore, with sudden comprehension. His face was white with the strain of some thought struggling within him.

"If the weeds had stayed out of my flower-pot they would not have been hurt," said Dr. La Mar, stolidly. Thedmore laid his hand heavily on La Mar's knee.

"Stop talking parables," he said, sternly. "Call the flower Joan and the weeds Geoffrey. You are telling me nothing I do not know. I have thought it all out. Good God, yes! a thousand times. There is no middle course open to me. Their blindness—it is my only hope, and yet—it ties my hands. Suppose I do tear off the cataract? Would Joan see me or Geoffrey after that? I might leave them blind and part them on some—any—pretext, and the shock of that parting would fling them together. No; but one thing on earth would bring her back to me at once and as she left me, and that—"

"That is disgust and horror of Geoffrey."

"And this is what you would have me do?"

Unconsciously both men had dropped their voices and, despite their excitement, spoke in whispers, as if conspiring; yet Dr. La Mar's answer was none the less decided.

"It is what I know I would do if in your place and loving my wife as you love Joan. The written law has no pity on ignorance; why should the unwritten? You say he is blind. It's a man's business to realize what he is about. I would be my own judge, my own jury, and for a headsman—in plainest words, which neither of us has quite dared use, as no clearer way offers—I should see that Geoffrey's temptation in some way beheaded him for me." Thedmore looked up as Dr. La Mar ended, and they sat gazing long into each other's eyes.

"Could I do that?" asked Thedmore, at last.

Dr. La Mar leaned forward with a quick motion, placing his hands on Thedmore's shoulders and rising to his feet as if leaving the subject forever behind him.

"No," he said, in his natural voice; "no, you could not. Your conscience is like your eyes, and both are Saxon to the bottom."

Thedmore's voice broke in so excitedly that Dr. La Mar turned to him in amazement.

"Don't trust me like that. Do you suppose I never thought of all this? At times I don't dare let myself think how one drop may be all that holds the scale between Geoffrey and me. One drop, La Mar, one drop—and he fears it as a mad dog water—is all that parts my wife from me! Ah! I dare not dwell on it now."

"You ought not to, for your own sake," said Dr. La Mar, soothingly. He was startled at the depths he had stirred, and by common consent they turned back from that side of the problem in the haste with which human beings shift questions more momentous than they dare to face. Thedmore took up the threads where they had been dropped.

"I know some legitimate and simple plan will sooner or later come to me when I have earned it by thinking long enough. I never yet failed in anything I undertook, and I mean to straighten out this coil if it costs the rest of my life."

La Mar started. "You would not—?" he began.

"I said legitimate," Thedmore interrupted. "Geoffrey's life may be the more valuable and my death might seem just now for some reasons best for Joan, but that shall not be my act—you need have no anxiety."

"Your life for his! You sicken me. A heart of gold, a mind acute as a needle, a will like iron, and a soul as tender as a woman's! What does satisfy a woman?" Thedmore shook his head, smiling.

"I don't recognize your picture, but Joan would. With all your knowledge of men and women you don't grasp this riddle as I do with my bull head. If you, not mentioning Geoffrey, were to tell Joan to-morrow she had ceased to love me she would fly to me weeping and tell me you had insulted her. What is more, she would believe it. Her heart has been stolen from me—but never her mind." He rose as he spoke. "There is no more to say, and if there is I can say no more to-night. This time I am really going."

Dr. La Mar's eyes dwelt on his friend longingly. The bond between them had been a very close one, and seemed to him now tenfold closer. "How do you stand it?" he said. "I couldn't endure this strain from day to day."

"No; but you know I am all Saxon. I am tougher than you."

Dr. La Mar took strongly the hand Thedmore held out, and clasped it in both of his. A still unquieted anxiety was written on his face and in his searching eyes. The quiet blue eyes met his willingly, and the hand he held gave back his pressure as steadily and strongly, and he was answered. They parted with no more words.

"There," muttered Dr. La Mar, as the door closed upon his friend's broad back and he heard his firm step in the hall without—"there goes a magnificent fool that I love for his folly more than any man for his wisdom." He drew nearer the hearth and with the poker stirred his fire thoughtfully, still talking to himself half aloud.

"God help them! How is this going to end? Ruin, ruin, ruin." He stood thinking for a while, then turned hastily, knocking down the fire-irons by his brusque movement. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "is this the sort of pitch and toss Thedmore undergoes? It would drive me to madness—or murder. Well, the problem's not mine, thank heaven." He went to his desk and as if dismissing all else drew towards him some papers covered with notes. On these he had begun to write when a knock at the door roused him.

"Come in," he called; "come in."

The door opened half-way, admitting a man's head and shoulders, and La Mar uttered a smothered exclamation.

"Geoffrey! Is it you?"

"I will come in if I can," answered a weak voice. "Will you

help me—will you give me your arm, please?" He was clinging to the door-handle as if needing support. His face was white, and Dr. La Mar, in hurrying towards him, saw also that his clothing was disordered and that his breathing was hard gasps.

"What has happened? Are you hurt?"

"I—I don't know yet; it takes a little time to be sure."

Dr. La Mar helped what was evidently a patient to a chair, where Geoffrey sank down, his head thrown back, his eyes closed. The physician's fingers almost by instinct fastened on the limp wrist. "Your pulse is like a hammer," he said.

"What has happened?"

"A few blocks below your office I—I suddenly met—"

"Not Thedmore?"

Geoffrey looked up, laughing hysterically. "Oh, don't make me laugh; don't! How could meeting Thedmore reduce me to this? I met with an accident on the car-track. I was thrown down and knocked about a little, and"—he shuddered, covering his eyes with his hand. "What a weak fool I am!"

Dr. La Mar turned aside to pour water from a carafe into a glass standing near, adding hastily some drops from a vial on his desk. He touched Geoffrey's arm as he sat with his eyes still hidden.

"Take this; it will strengthen you."

Geoffrey looked up, his eyes fell on the glass, and he started back with shrinking as of terror.

"No—no," he gasped; "no stimulant!"

Dr. La Mar's face changed. A pity which he could not forbid softened his voice.

"It is only ammonia," he said, gravely, proffering the glass again. "On my honor you are safe in taking it."

Geoffrey raised himself with an effort. "Pardon me," he said, simply; "I thought—"

"Never mind now; take the draught."

Geoffrey tried to lift his left hand, but it fell back heavily. He uttered an exclamation of pain.

"So," said Dr. La Mar, "there is the wounded member. Are you suffering anywhere else?"

Geoffrey shook himself before replying. "No; I am sure now this arm is the only hurt."

"Well, drink the ammonia first."

As Geoffrey drank obediently Dr. La Mar cast a swift glance about his office. A decanter of wine was on the wine-table with the walnuts. Moving noiselessly, he lifted the piece of glass and, turning his back on the room, hid it behind the flower-pots on the stand by the window.

After the first shock of surprise at Geoffrey's abrupt entrance into the room where his name and his story seemed still to be echoing, Dr. La Mar began to lose his personal feeling in his professional duty. Geoffrey became as Geoffrey to him no longer. He was a patient only, and as such had no other personality. He carefully assisted the exhausted man to his feet.

"Suppose we examine the arm at once," he said, reassuringly. "Does your sleeve slip off easily, or shall I cut it?"

"Hear the man talk of cutting my best coat as coolly as if it were a mere arm or a leg. You may be able to afford hacking up your clothing, but I—a poor poet—just help me off with this, very carefully, if you please, La Mar. And kindly fold it neatly. Don't sling it over—over the back of a chair like that."

The injured man's voice broke suddenly, rising to a high, hysterical note.

"Sit down," said Dr. La Mar, "and stop talking. I don't like white-lipped nonsense. It will mean more ammonia in a moment."

His coat removed, Geoffrey's next garment proved to be a white silk blouse with loose sleeves and loosely-cut throat. Dr. La Mar smiled as he looked at the costume. He drew a chair near Geoffrey's, and, as he unbuttoned the blouse at the wrist, took a bit of the silk between his finger and thumb.

"What do you call this?" he asked.

"I call it silk. I always work in silk. Doesn't the feeling of silk affect you at all? It soothes me curiously. My measures run more smoothly under its touch."

"I am not a poet," said Dr. La Mar, with a shrug of his shoulders. "On cold days as these I wear red flannel next my skin and hug my fire. Do you, pray, go out of doors robed in gossamer like this?"

"My coat was tightly buttoned."

Dr. La Mar had rolled up the sleeve and was examining Geoffrey's arm. "*Poeta nascitur—non fit* to dress himself properly or walk alone in the streets. You and your kind should have law-appointed guardians."

"I have an unappointed one in Thedmore—indeed, I have two, for Mrs. Thedmore—ah!" Geoffrey broke off with a low cry of pain.

"That was inexcusable. My hand slipped. Your face does not countenance this arm. I find it twice as firm and strong as I expected. The trouble seems to lie just here. Do you feel that?"

"No, that is not painful."

"Nor that?"

Geoffrey winced. "Yes, yes; that hurts."

Dr. La Mar laid the arm down gently. "A simple sprain. You will soon get over it, but it may be wiser to bandage." He brought out a roll of bandages and bound up the arm, talking the while. "You got off very easily with only this. How did the accident happen?"

Geoffrey's face flushed. "I wish you had seen what I did. It all happened just as I turned the corner. There were two people, a man and a woman—I never saw either before—strangers crossing the city, I fancy, making for a car that was coming on the farther track. You see, they had to cross the near track to reach it, and in the hurry they missed seeing that on it another car was charging straight down upon them. They seemed to stand petrified between the two tracks; one car was then as nearly upon them as the other. The girl woke first, and then what do you suppose she did? With all the power of her arm she threw the man from her across the far track to safety. The force was such he had to go by simple physical law, and there she stood, her body wavering with the shock of the impetus that sent him to safety, but left her full in the path of destruction. It seemed impossible that she could be saved. It makes me sick to think of it now. It was the finest thing I ever saw done. She had only one thought, and that was for him; just a frail girl, too!" Geoffrey paused.

"Was she killed?" asked Dr. La Mar, practically.

"Of course not. Such women don't die. They live to mother heroes. Look to the female line, I say."

"Hold still or I can't bandage you," said Dr. La Mar, laughing. He was watching Geoffrey closely, studying him with a half-contemptuous amusement and finding it impossible to take him with seriousness. "How did all this hurt your arm? You weren't the man the girl saved, were you?"

"I? No; I wish I had been. To owe my life to such a woman!"

"I question that. Being saved alive is pleasant, but to be sent by a girl's hand flying from the scene of action with legs stretched as compasses is hardly the pose a man chooses. I doubt if she were thanked for her kindness."

"It all depends on the kind of woman. Mrs. Thedmore might do that and not offend. She would do just such a noble act. This girl reminded me of her somehow. As for the man's resenting it—why, Mrs. Thedmore saves me, morally, day after day."

"At the risk of her life?" asked Dr. La Mar, slowly.

"No; at no risk, as it happens. But if there were she would do the same. Her name just suits her, does it not? Joan—Joan. She is not warlike as the Maid of Orleans, but surely angels whisper to her. There are times when I can see her listening." He paused dreamily, and something in his tone made the blood stir in the veins of his surprised listener. Only a man who loved, and loved simply and deeply, could have so spoken the name of the woman he cared for. Dr. La Mar had settled it in his mind that there was but a spurious love, a poetical philandering in romance, between these two, but the unconscious tenderness of Geoffrey's voice touched him, as every sensitive man must be touched, by the unveiling of a real passion, worthy or unworthy. Angry with himself as Dr. La Mar was, the sympathetic thrill was there, and he had to admit its just cause.

(To be continued.)

## Women Sail for the Klondike —What They Propose To Do.

THE steamship *City of Columbia*, which sailed from New York harbor for Alaska on December 16th with three hundred and fifty passengers, carries the first Eastern colony formed for the Klondike gold-fields. The route lies through the Straits of Magellan, and stops will be made at the Barbadoes, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Valparaiso, Callao, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Sitka, Dutch Harbor, and thence to St. Michael's. The ship will arrive at Seattle on April 2d, and remain in port ten days. The colony will there be augmented by another party of one hundred persons, some of whom have preferred to go from this point "across continent," instead of taking the long ocean voyage.

Aside from the fact that this is the first organized expedition from the East to the gold-fields, there is another interesting and novel feature connected with the scheme. Among the fortune-hunters is a party of forty-five women, at the head of which is Mrs. Hannah S. Gould, of New York City. Mrs. Gould is a



MRS. HANNAH S. GOULD.

Long Island woman of Quaker descent, and while she is in no sense a "new" woman in the popular acceptance of the word, she is a business woman of many years' experience. Out of five hundred applications from women in all parts of the country who were desirous of joining the party, she has selected forty-five who, in her judgment, are qualified to meet the hardships in store for them. Physical strength and courage, earnestness of purpose, stability of character, and the financial means were the requisites essential to a passage on the *City of Columbia*. Eight hundred dollars is the necessary sum for each woman in Mrs. Gould's colony. This provides for the expenses of the trip and the supplies for one year. Some of the women are from Philadelphia and some are from New Jersey; some are well-to-do women, some are prominent socially, and some are professional women. Three of them have definite plans for opening boarding-houses, and one woman, who has been in the laundry business for seven years in New York City, will open a laundry in Dawson City.

Several women, who possess strong physical endurance, are equipped with complete outfits for working claims. Mrs. Gould does not expect to do that kind of work, however, but will devote her attention financially to "grub stakes." That is, if a miner has no money to live on she will provide the necessities, receiving in return a certain percentage of his ore, according to what the law allows. She is taking along a portable hospital, for she is a capital physician, as far as home specifics are concerned, as well as being an experienced nurse. Under her direction there will also be established a club-house where all who desire will be welcome guests. Mrs. Gould is a practical, enthusiastic woman of fifty years of age, and her individuality is decidedly that of the mother. She takes also under her supervision four young men under twenty years of age, sons of well-



to-do parents, who have reared them too tenderly to allow them to face the hardships of a mining country in cold weather without the assurance that they will be cared for. She also takes money to invest for New York women, who have intrusted her with sums all the way from one hundred dollars into the thousands. Mrs. Gould is otherwise interesting, not to say remarkable, from the fact that she is the only woman who ever built a railroad. Said she:

"Six years ago I built two railroads, one that was one hundred and thirty-eight miles long, and one one hundred and eight miles long. At that time I lived nine months in camp in Georgia. One road is called the Middleton, Georgia and Atlantic Railway, and runs from Eatonton to Covington. The other road is the connecting link between Covington and Macon. This one included the building of a bridge and trestle work, all of which I superintended. If a woman is practical and has the physical strength of a man she can build a railroad as well as a man can. I believe I must be the only woman who became a railroad contractor, and I ran an iron car and worked with the men. If it were necessary for me to take hold with the men I did it. No, I shall not handle the pick in the Klondike. I have no such intention, but I shall watch my chance for money-making with the keen, experienced eye of a business man. At the same time I shall do all the good I can. If a miner is ill I will not see him suffer, but shall put him on his feet as soon as possible, and when he can work he will repay me. When we first pitch our tents I shall install myself as housewife, and I am taking along our own cook. I have also the improved oil-stove for heating purposes, and, with plenty of kerosene, we shall establish a hearthstone at once. One of our ladies is taking a circulating library, and we have a small pipe-organ, and we shall run our club-house in opposition to the saloons and exert all the good influence that lies in our power. Up to the present time only three women have ever crossed the Chilkoot Pass, but travel in that direction will be greatly facilitated by the time we arrive there next summer. I am absolutely certain that the women in our colony will fare quite as well as the men who are going, better in fact than some of them. We have three married couples in our party, and none of my women has left a husband at home. I made that one of the qualifications for eligibility to the trip. Do I expect them to marry? There may be some marriages, but in no case have I looked with favor upon a woman whom I suspected might be seeking adventure in that direction. They are, without exception, earnest, right-minded women, whose aim and purpose is simply that of gaining a fortune in exactly the same way as the men do."

Mrs. Gould speaks with a decidedly Southern accent, although she was born and bred at Jericho, Long Island, and comes of Revolutionary stock on both sides of the family. Her maiden name was Seamens, and her mother belonged to the Dodge family, well known in that section. "My business training," concluded Mrs. Gould, "I received from my father, who trained me the same as though I had been a boy, not only in mathematics, but also in fire-arms."

Mrs. Gould presents a picturesque appearance in the costume planned for a winter in the Arctic regions. She has bloomers lined with lamb's wool to be worn over all-wool flannels, and woolen gowns lined with flannel, a leathern coat lined with lamb's wool, a fur coat, fur leggings and fur hood, and in addition to rubber coats and boots and hats there is also a warm-weather outfit, including gingham gowns and sun-bonnets, shirt-waists, linen skirts, and plenty of mosquito-netting. Every woman in the company has a similar outfit.

Samuel L. Kent, of Philadelphia, is the president of the company forwarding the enterprise. Hon. James Giffillan, ex-Treasurer of the United States, is treasurer of the company. Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, is one of the directors. The plan of taking into that country the right kind of women is regarded by the directors as the best feature of the scheme, and the responsibility of gathering together the women who have self-reliance, physical endurance, courage, and earnestness of purpose requisite to the success of the undertaking, as it devolved upon Mrs. Gould, is an achievement of no mean value.

HARRYOT HOLT CABOON.

## The Romance of Christmas Evergreens.

THERE is an eventful moment in the life of a flourishing young Michigan pine, when it suddenly becomes a Christmas-tree. The transformation begins when it is cut in its native wilds—say in the neighborhood of Sturgeon Bay, or some other of the smaller northern lake ports of Michigan—and culminates in the glorious triumph of Christmas Eve, when the tree stands ablaze with lights and decorations, its bonny green branches bending with the weight of gifts and goodies for the bands of merry children that dance around it. One hour of this is worth a century in the forest primeval.

But the Christmas-tree's career as a joy-giver really begins a month or so before the holidays. It is then a source of profitable occupation to the strapping young farmers and woodsmen, who turn December into a harvest month by cutting evergreens for the city market. Then the pilots and boatmen of the lakes come in for a share of the fun, as well as a percentage of the profit—for the spicy-odored shrubs are shipped that way to Chicago, Milwaukee, and other ports by the tens of thousands.

"Fact!"—said an old-timer of the lakes, talking of his stormy voyage with a schooner-load of pines—"a big part of these greens were gathered by children—boys and girls who worked like beavers in order to get Christmas money. An' they were the jolliest set that ever hustled to turn an honest penny. Never saw any one so tickled in my life as one boy who brought in several loads from 'way out in the country. I paid him about fifteen dollars for his trees. He was so happy that it seemed like he'd bust if he couldn't tell me just what he was going to do with the money. He had a list of things that he'd written down on a piece of paper—skates, school-books, story-books, an' I don't know what all. I reckon he'd set up nights to make out that list, and had changed and written it over a dozen times."

"Then there was the girls—the kind o' girls that wears the regular old-fashioned hoods and red mittens fastened together with a long piece of tape. It ain't often that these young misses get a chance to earn any money, and when I started out in a buggy from Sturgeon Bay City and made the circuit of the country, I'll tell you it made a stir amongst the little girls in the farm-houses. Their eyes snapped with joy when I told 'em to hustle out and get all the strappings that they could. Some o' them must have got up with the sun and worked by moonlight, for their pickings brought 'em three to four dollars a day. Of course many o' 'em didn't earn as much as that, but

the really smart ones made more money by gathering evergreens than they ever made before in their lives. I doubt if the children who see these trees all hung with presents and candles will get any more joy out of them than the farmers' girls and boys did in cutting them for Christmas money."

## Life Insurance—The Agents' Responsibility.

A READER in Brooklyn desires that we shall give him full details of the proposed plan by which the Mutual Reserve Company is to be transformed into an old-line company. The transformation is not intended to be precisely as our correspondent appears to understand it. I shall give the facts as they are as soon as they are disclosed. The State insurance authorities do not seem to possess accurate information with regard to the proposed change.

LITTLE ROCK, December 2d, 1897.

The Hermit, Leslie's Weekly, New York City:—I have read with much interest your communication in LESLIE'S WEEKLY of this date; also many that appeared years ago, and I have lived to see most of your statements verified. It is not always, however, that it is the cooperative companies that are at fault, and notwithstanding that your time must be greatly taxed with such questions, I venture to lay a case before you, and to ask if I have not just cause for complaint. In the year 1880-81 I took out two policies of two thousand dollars each in the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York. The solicitors were two brothers, State agents of Missouri, men of standing, and ought to have known what they were talking about. The policies were on the ordinary life plan, the dividends being left in the hands of the company to purchase additional insurance.

These agents assured me positively that in from twenty to twenty-five years the dividends would equal the premiums. My idea was that if the statements were correct, even though the policies were not large, I would have ultimately a handsome policy. But these were not mere verbal statements of a solicitor (behind which the companies endeavor to shield themselves, disclaiming all responsibility for such), but they were fortified by printed folders, or statements, sent out by the company to be used by the agents for the purpose of obtaining insurance. These statements gave the names and address of parties who had paid for that length of time, whose dividends equaled the premiums; not only this, but to emphasize this fact the names of others whose dividends even exceeded the premiums and were now actually getting a little increase over and above the amount required to pay the dividends.

Asking the agents if they could guarantee this result in my case, they seemed to think it absurd to expect anything further in the way of a guarantee, the printed reports of the company being sufficient. Now, the first year, on one of the policies, I received a statement showing a dividend of five dollars, which added fourteen dollars to the policy. For five or six years after this I saw no statements, and if any came they were not delivered by the local agents. The dividends have never, so far as I have seen, equaled that amount.

Very respectfully,

J. A. D.

This letter is printed because it is a sample of the sort of complaints I am constantly receiving, directed against all the principal insurance companies. I must again emphasize the fact that no statement from an agent should be accepted as reliable unless it is fortified by the company's guarantee. It is altogether probable that the printed statements which the agent of the Mutual Life submitted, showing the earnings of policies, were true; but those liberal dividends were declared when money earned a great deal more than it does now. Dividends on all investments, as everybody knows, have largely decreased

during the past few years. The legal rate of interest has declined in every State in the Union, Arkansas included. The money of the policy-holders is always put at interest by the companies, and when the rate of interest decreases the policy obviously earns less money than it originally did.

If the agent of the Mutual Life misrepresented the facts, that was the agent's fault. It is manifestly unfair to charge a company with responsibility for the acts of an irresponsible agent. Of course it may be said that no company should have irresponsible agents. If my correspondent complained to the Mutual Life of the action of this agent, and was afforded no satisfaction, I should be glad to learn that fact. But let me say right here for the information of every reader that the policy itself, and that alone, defines the terms of the contract between the insured and the insurer, no matter what an agent may say; no matter what printed data he may give you. Take nothing for granted, excepting what the policy itself agrees to give. You can always ask for the form of policy that it is proposed to write in your case, and reading it over carefully you can see just what is demanded of you, and what the company promises to give in return.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, November 30th.

The Hermit, Leslie's Weekly:—I read in a Kansas paper which is opposed to the life-insurance business, that in New York the companies are under the supervision of an insurance superintendent who is incompetent. Is this true?

INQUIRE.

The insurance superintendent of this State is Louis F. Payn, and if anybody has called him incompetent for his public duties I have not seen the charge. Mr. Payn was recommended for the place he holds by some of the most eminent and responsible men in the State. He served most acceptably as a public official by the appointment of General Grant, and was retained in his office by President Hayes; and I am told by the representatives of our largest insurance interests that he is making one of the best insurance superintendents the State of New York has ever had.

The Hermit appreciates the courtesy of "J. L. M.," who writes to say that the National Life of Hartford is not an old-line company, but an assessment concern. I did not intend to be misunderstood in this matter. The Hermit did not speak of the National Life Insurance Association of Hartford as an old-line company. He spoke of that association in connection with his criticism of old-line companies, but the criticism he made might be applied to both. Some old-line companies are also guilty of many of the errors and indiscretions charged up against the assessment companies, but as between the two plans of insurance, security and strength are found on the old-line side. This, I think, my correspondent will not deny.

"W. J.'s" query regarding the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of New York requires a line of special inquiry, which I shall seek to institute, although this is classified by the Insurance Department as a mutual marine company.

The Hermit.



Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

## Little Effie to Santa Claus.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

Last night I missed you,  
Though I was only half to blame.  
If I had seen you I'd have kissed you;  
But while I watched, you never came.  
Beside the chimney-place, with Dolly—  
The one you brought a year ago—  
I waited. It was decked with holly,  
And stockings hung there in a row.

Well, Dolly fell asleep, then I did—  
I don't know when, but mamma said  
She saw my head droop down one sided,  
And so she carried me to bed.  
Then down the chimney you came creeping,  
And filled the stockings to the knees.  
Thank you! But next time, if we're sleeping,  
Just call and wake us, will you, please?





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## THE BLACKVILLE GALLERY

REHEARSAL OF THE BLACKVILLE CHOIR—"GRANDPAP, GIB US DE BASE!"







## The Competition for the Klondike Trade.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 10th, 1897.

THE war between Greece and Troy was a petty squabble in comparison with the conflict which is now breaking out between San Francisco and Seattle for the coming trade with Alaska. Conservative estimates reckon next year's emigration to the new El Dorado at one hundred thousand, and in some quarters it is figured that it will reach one hundred and fifty thousand. Australia alone promises to send fifteen thousand gold-seekers, and a fleet of steamers is said to have been laid on at New York for the route round the Horn. This is in addition to the crowd which will cross the continent by rail. Such a migration, directed to a country which can furnish neither food nor clothing nor mining implements, but which, with good luck, can pay for all of them, will naturally generate an enormous volume of traffic, and it is no wonder the ports of departure are scrambling for a share of it.

The northern city was the first in the field. Many months ago Seattle began to flood the Eastern cities with "literature" going to show that the seaport on the sound was the best, if not the only, shipping-point for the gold-seekers. Seattle has become by force of circumstances a suburb of Chicago, and the merchants of the lake metropolis will see that it is supplied with goods. From Seattle to Juneau the distance by steamer is about five hundred and eighty miles; and from Juneau to Klondike, by the lakes and the river, about six hundred and eighty. There is no other route so short. Again, the people of Seattle are proverbially energetic. For six months they have been working together as one man. At the present moment nothing is talked of or thought of on the sound except the coming trade with the Yukon. Everybody is preparing for it; everybody is convinced that it can be grasped; Seattle will become the metropolis of the Pacific coast.

San Francisco has only just begun to wake up. It embarks in the conflict with natural advantages. It has been an outfitting emporium for miners for half a century; among its people are merchants who know exactly what class of goods miners want, and how they should be packed for transportation through mining regions. It produces many articles which are in constant demand in mining-camps, such as flour, canned fruit, canned fish, refined sugar, boots and shoes, powder; and it is in close touch with places which furnish clothing, blankets, canned meats, shovels, picks, pans, and other implements used in placer-mining. In this respect San Francisco can do all that Seattle can, and some things which Seattle cannot do. The rates of freight are equal from Chicago to Seattle and from Chicago to San Francisco, though the northern route by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific is about one hundred and thirty miles the shorter.

San Francisco is about nine hundred miles farther by sea from Juneau than Seattle. This is a serious disadvantage for San Francisco and a substantial advantage for the northern city. For though freight will naturally go to Alaska by St. Michael's and the river, that being the cheapest and surest route, the great rush of gold-seekers will take the overland road. Early next year a practicable road will be constructed over White or some other pass, and will be in readiness for use some time in February, at which time the migration is expected to begin. The Yukon will not begin to thaw before the end of May or the beginning of June, and will not be navigable for light river steamers, with their tows in the shape of barges, much before June 15th.

It is hardly expected that Seattle can be a formidable competitor with San Francisco for the traffic via St. Michael's. The distance between the two latter points is figured by mariners at two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles; that between Seattle and St. Michael's is estimated at about two thousand five hundred; the time would not differ materially. But the hopes of the city on the sound are confined at present to corraling the traffic by the shorter line across the passes. They are strengthened by the prevailing impression that while the people of Seattle are energetic, enterprising, of the git-up-and-git kind, the people of San Francisco are torpid, and run to jaw-smithing when they should be acting. Three or four associations have been organized to exploit the trade of the Yukon, and the several speakers have poured forth floods of oratory; but nothing has thus far been done to prove to coming gold-seekers that this is the place to procure their outfits, or to convince the East that San Francisco proposes to take a hand in the game. At Chicago the notion is prevalent that San Francisco is "not in it."

Three corporations are preparing to engage in trade and transportation in Alaska. One of these is the Alaska Commercial, which is twenty-five years old, and is conducted by men of shrewdness and experience, with vast wealth behind them. Another is the North American Trading and Transportation Company, with headquarters at Chicago and Seattle; the principal people in this concern are the Wear and Cudahys, of Chicago, who are supposed to wield enormous capital. The third is the Alaska Exploration Company, in which the Liebes firm of furriers are prominent. All three corporations will run ocean steamers either from San Francisco or from Seattle to St. Michael's, and thence flat-bottomed steamers with barges in tow eighteen hundred miles up the river. If the rush is anything like what is expected, the sea-going ships of these companies will be entirely inadequate to move it to the mouth of the Yukon, but the prospect creates no uneasiness, because we hear of fleets of tramp steamers coming here from the Eastern ports, and there will thus be no scarcity of transports. The existing companies hope that this will be the case. Mr. Louis Schloss, of the Alaska Commercial, tells me that his company will not contract to carry a pound of freight to the diggings; they require every foot of their space to convey their own goods to their own stores in Alaska. I learn that a similar rule has been adopted by the North American Trading and Transportation Company. To brokers offering freight they reply that they can receive none; they will carry passengers, who, on arrival on the Yukon, can buy the goods they need from the company stores; they haven't room for other people's goods. From the lists of future shipments which I have seen it would seem that there will be no scarcity of food, or clothing, or tools in the

winter of 1898-9; it would not be surprising if the necessities of life were cheaper at Dawson than in San Francisco.

There is one other thing which Eastern merchants may do well to consider. It is quite likely that they can get their freight carried to St. Michael's in tramp steamers; but whether there will be transportation on the river to carry it to Dawson is another question. When the season of 1897 closed, the North American Trading and Transportation Company's river fleet was reduced to three vessels, the Alaska Commercial had six, the Exploration Company four—altogether thirteen craft, each of which could tow two barges. It is understood that other river boats are being built at St. Michael's, at Ounalaska, and points on the sound. If the rush is anything like what is predicted, owners of goods who have no connection with the companies may find that they are as far from their market as ever after they have got them afloat on the Yukon.

JOHN BONNER.

## Torpedoes in the Navy.

(See picture on page 446.)

THE chief development of the United States Navy during the past five years, next to battle-ships, has been in the direction of torpedo-boats. It is only within the period specified that Congress has, upon repeated urgings from the Navy Department, taken up in earnest the question of torpedo-boat construction. Up to the year 1895, when the torpedo boats Numbers 3, 4, and 5 were authorized, our only boats in this class were the *Cushing*, authorized in 1886, and the *Ericsson*, authorized in 1890. Now we have, either completed or under construction, sixteen torpedo-boats, of various sizes and types, at least three of which, by their contracts, must attain the unprecedented speed of thirty knots (nearly thirty-five miles) an hour. If these vessels make good the expectations of the government our torpedo fleet, at least, will immediately take its place in the first rank of those of the world's great navies.

In the construction of these torpedo-boats, contractors' plans rather than those of the Bureau have been generally adopted, and the builders have far greater latitude than formerly was accorded them. Some of the contractors have availed themselves of the latest French and English designs; while the Herreshoff company is building upon ideas of its own. The final result of this wide opening of the field of competition to unfettered American skill and talent can hardly fail to be a prompt supply of the large number of ultra-modern torpedo-boats which our navy needs.

## California's Golden Jubilee.

UNION SQUARE, San Francisco, will be the scene of one of the most unique features of the golden jubilee of California, which is to be held in that city during the last week of January. In Union Square the floral carnival will take place. There will be gay booths, battles of flowers, and a carnival on the Nice plan. Union Square is particularly well situated, as it is in the heart of the town. On one corner is the big building of the Pacific Union Club, the chief political club of the city; on another is Calvary Church, and on a third the fine new building of the Spring Valley Water Company. The tall tower of the recently finished Claus Spreckels building, which contains the business



UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING NEW SPRING VALLEY WATER COMPANY AND CLAU SPRECKELS BUILDINGS. Photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

office of the *San Francisco Call*, is a feature from the square. The clock-tower marks the home of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the unfinished building is in process of erection by W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the *Examiner*, the older brother of the *New York Journal*. San Francisco is making great preparations for the celebration of her golden wedding, which marks the fiftieth anniversary of the day when Marshall discovered gold near Sacramento, and is, therefore, golden in two ways. All the most prominent men in town are interesting themselves in the celebration. They are headed by Mayor Phelan, who is an enthusiastic Californian. The pageant will last six days, and

there will be a mining exhibit which will outrank anything ever seen on the continent.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

## President McKinley's Musical Tastes.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY loves music. His life has been a busy and serious one, not given to accomplishments in



MISS KATHERINE HUNTINGTON. Photograph by Vignos.

music or art, save the art of political success. Yet nothing delights him more in the hours of recreation than sweet, simple music. At church services his baritone voice is heard in the congregational singing of the old familiar hymns. He is a Methodist, and knows from boyhood the simple melodies with which Methodists worship. Mrs. McKinley is a Presbyterian, and doubtless the President in the days of his courtship became proficient in singing the praise songs of Ida Saxton's creed. Like other mortal men, the ruler of this nation has his favorite hymns, songs, and "tunes."

To President McKinley the sweetest sacred song is the hymn that begins:

"There is a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea."

Of the operas, he loves best "The Bohemian Girl," and the number that appeals most to his fancy is "The Heart Bowed Down." Nor does the President despise the modern songs of light opera and the vaudevilles.

During the campaign at Canton the young ladies of the city delighted to spend quiet, home-like evenings at the McKinley house. There was always a delightful season of song and jollity after the arduous tasks of the day, and the candidate for the Presidency was pleased with the up-to-date musical entertainment furnished by his guests.

His greatest delight was "Louisiana Lou," as sung for him by Miss Kate Huntington. Each time this fair and vivacious singer visited the McKinley cottage the most talked-of man among millions asked her to sing that pseudo-negro melody, which she did in inimitable style. A year later, when he came back to Canton, President of the United States, he said to Miss Huntington:

"'Louisiana Lou' has become a national air. Everywhere I go the bands play it, and the young ladies in hotel parlors are

always singing it. But, Miss Kate, no one renders it as well as you."

FRANCIS B. GESSNER.

## Dead Horse Gulch, on the Skagway.

THE striking and realistic picture reproduced in colors on the front cover of this number of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* is a drawing made from a photograph taken in October last, at the time when approaching winter closed for ordinary traffic all the Alaskan routes to the Klondike. It is the dreaded Dead Horse Gulch, near the summit of the mountain pass, and constitutes,



with the equally notorious Devil's Slide, the most treacherous and dangerous part of the Skagway trail. It is strewn with the bones of horses that have perished amid the waste of rocks and boulders, which afford neither sustenance nor a foothold for the poor beasts. Hundreds of horses and burros have been shipped to Dyea and Skagway, and a few of them have carried packs over the White and Chilkoot passes; but we do not hear of any of them ever reaching the lakes, much less the camps on the Yukon. As for Dawson City, it is as horseless a place as Venice. Prospectors who, having in mind the conditions prevailing in the gold districts of Colorado or California, start out to conquer Alaska by horse-power, are certain sooner or later to be held up by some such stroke of "hard luck" as Mr. Smith has pictured.

### Can a Gentleman be a Prize-fighter?

THE Selby family of Indianapolis, Indiana, is distinguished by numbering among its members a minister of unwearying zeal and unblemished reputation and a prize-fighter who is regarded by many as the coming champion of the world. Those who are familiar with the chronicles of the fistie ring would not recognize the name of Norman Selby. This young man, however, has a professional *nom de plume*; he is called "Kid McCoy" in pugilistic circles.

There are a great many differences between McCoy and nearly all other prize-fighters. His parents are educated and religious people. They gave him excellent training while he remained with them. Possibly their rules were too rigid for Norman. He was born in October, 1873. In 1886, when he was thirteen years of age, he ran away from home and has not since, except on occasional visits, been an inmate of his father's house.

The first months of his independence were occupied in doing such odd jobs as he could find. Subsequently he worked at painting, and afterwards tried his nimble fingers as a tailor. Then he became a professional fighter for money and rank, making his first appearance in the ring before he was eighteen years of age.

Norman Selby, or "Kid McCoy," has some remarkable traits. He has just entered upon his twenty-fifth year. He is six feet in height and weighs when in condition about one hundred and fifty-three pounds. Since he ran away from home his associations have been largely with pugilists and their kind. It is not necessary to say that members of this class do not shine in culture or refinement of manner. Nevertheless, McCoy has the bearing and tastes of a gentleman born. To look at him and to converse with him no one would take this young man to be a prize-fighter.

His features are intellectual and in a degree classical. The head is finely shaped. The mouth is rather large and the lips thin. The frame is large and there is plenty of room under the cuticle for the increase of flesh which in a short time will take him from the welter-weight into the heavy-weight class. His hands are small, very small for a man. Indeed, they would not be considered large for a woman. His voice is low and rather musical. He speaks with gentleness and carries himself with an easy dignity that is a gift of nature. His language is that of an educated person. In all his gentleness there is evident, but not obtrusively so, serene self-confidence.



KID MCCOY.

McCoy, when I saw him, was training at New Dorp, Staten Island, for an encounter with Creedon, an Australian fighter. His first ring fight occurred in 1891 in Minneapolis, and as he was successful he received the stakes—a meal-ticket and a week's room rent. Soon afterwards he returned to Indianapolis, where he joined the Young Men's Christian Association and became a leader in the athletic class, his predilection being for boxing. He arranged some boxing contests in that city. Then he went to Memphis, Tennessee, where he permanently adopted the pugilistic art. Since 1892 this young gladiator has fought his way round the world, returning early in the present year from South Africa. He has been engaged in at least fifty ring contests, and admits having been defeated but once.

When Selby ran away from home he assumed his mother's maiden name of McCoy. The name "Kid" was added to that

name by admirers to describe his extremely juvenile appearance, as well as simplicity of manner. A brother, Homer Selby, is endeavoring to follow in his footsteps, but thus far has not gained distinction.

A visitor to New Dorp, knowing little about pugilism, asked McCoy how a man felt before and after he was in a ring fight. He replied that from the moment he began his training the one thing he thought of was to win. Day after day that thought grew in his mind. To foster and increase it was his mental training. For a few hours before the beginning of a contest the friends who had access to him stimulated him with their conversations about the certainty of victory.

After he enters the ring he knows that he must "do" or "be done." Ambition, pride, and desperation urge him to do his utmost. Mr. McCoy says that, while he is determined to win every time he fights, there is in his mind a stronger determination to keep his head and to watch for the unexpected. He almost always has an understanding of the style of fighting in which his adversary indulges. Nevertheless, he has learned that no man ever does the same thing twice in the same way. Every fighter acquires some new trick with every new training. To guard himself against surprises, to study his opponent's innovations in strategy, a man in the ring must keep his head.

Mr. McCoy said that a fighter's eyes must be trained also, as well as his fists. Quickness to see and comprehend the meaning of a movement by an adversary often saves defeat and sometimes wins victory. "How does a man feel after he has commenced a fight, when blow after blow falls upon him and he is giving as many? He feels that he must win. As long as he can keep that feeling he is not defeated. He may be knocked down, but cares not as long as he is not knocked out. He may be covered with bruises and may totter to his feet and the odds may be largely against him, but if his resolution to endure all and to win remain with him he still has a fighting chance. The first solid blow is a stinger, and in some ways the most dangerous," added McCoy. "It is apt to cause anger, and anger is dangerous, because an angry man is not clear-headed. After the first blow the others are not felt so much. The fighter has settled down to work. He knows that he must take as well as give punishment. What matter what comes, if the end be triumph? Nothing else is to be thought of. This concentration of the faculties produces insensibility to pain."

More dangerous than the physical suffering, Mr. McCoy says, is exhaustion. Often cool-headed and determined prize-fighters are defeated by having the breath knocked out of them before receiving many blows. The quick movements which must be made tire the muscles and "take the wind out of a fellow." McCoy's way is to save himself as much as he can, and to invite his opponent to weariness by offering elusive openings. This gentlemanly prize-fighter is proud of the prowess of his left arm. Frequently he will stand motionless while the other man is dancing about looking for an opening and tiring himself. All the time McCoy is figuring for an opportunity to land a sledge-hammer blow on the body of the other in some spot where it will take away the breath. He can watch and wait, and he prefers quick fighting. All his watching is for an opportunity. Then, quick as a tiger's leap, that fateful left arm shoots out and the blow falls.

McCoy also said that he invariably expects more punishment than he receives. He never calculates on having an easy time. His standard of endurance is set very high. Nor does he miscalculate the skill and lasting qualities of the other man. When he was asked how a fighter felt after the contest he replied: "That depends on the result." Then he turned aside to receive an introduction to a fair lady.

HENRY McMILLEN.

### A Famous Old Slave Market.

THE once famous town of Louisville, the county seat of Jefferson County, Georgia, will soon lose its oldest landmark. In the year 1790, in the public square of Louisville, was erected a slave-market. The building then dedicated to the traffic in human beings has stood unchanged, except in its uses, ever since, and is to-day remarkably well preserved. It is constructed of stout timbers and thick planks hewn from the surrounding forests by the great-grandfathers of some of the present citizens of Louisville, and is now probably the only building in this county which was erected as a place for the sale of slaves.

Louisville is in these days a comparatively insignificant place, but a hundred years ago it was an important spot on the map of Georgia.

In 1795 the capital of the State was removed from Augusta to this town, and there it remained for nine years, when Mill-Edgeville became the seat of the State government, to continue so until Atlanta deprived it of this honor in 1868.

It was at Louisville that one of the most notable episodes in the history of Georgia occurred. There the infamous Yazoo fraud, by which thirty-five million acres, comprising the bulk of the territory out of which the States of Alabama and Mississippi were afterwards created, were sold for five hundred thousand dollars to a syndicate of land-grabbers headed by some of the most famous public men known to that generation in Georgia, was perpetrated.

There also the Yazoo fraud was exposed and crushed, mainly through the efforts of James Jackson. When this infamous deal was worked through the Legislature, Jackson was a United States Senator from Georgia. He resigned at once, returned to



OLD SLAVE MARKET, LOUISVILLE, GEORGIA.

his home in Savannah, and became a candidate for the Legislature for the avowed purpose of preventing the consummation of the Yazoo fraud. He was elected, and under his lead the Legislature rescinded the contract, which had been procured by bribery and corruption. All the records of the shameful transaction were piled in front of the capitol and ignited by a sun-glass at the suggestion of James Jackson, who declared that "fire should be drawn from heaven to destroy the last vestige of this infamy." The clerk of the House, as he fired the pile, was required by joint resolution to cry aloud in the presence of the people, "God save the State and long preserve her rights, and may every attempt to injure her perish as these corrupt acts now do."

Jackson was almost immediately re-elected to the Senate by the Legislature in which he had done the State such noble service.

Louisville has another claim to distinction in the fact that it was the home of George M. Troup, whom Alexander H. Stephens persisted in denominating "the greatest of all Georgians," and Troup's grave is there.

The quiet old town was reached a few years ago by a railroad, and then its transformation to modern methods began. Louisville has grown and prospered of late, and its old slave-market is finally to be destroyed to make room for a water-tower.

Thousands of slaves were bid off under its shelter, and to it were carried directly many a ship-load of negroes freshly landed from Africa on the Georgia coast.

Since the abolition of slavery the building has been used for various purposes, and for several years past has been a market-place for beef and pork instead of human flesh.

The old capitol was destroyed long ago, and with the passing of the slave-mart the last relic of historic Louisville will disappear. The bell which has hung in the cupola of the market since it was built bears the French coat-of-arms and the date of 1770. It is said that it was captured by a British warship on a French privateer in the war of the Revolution, and was left at Savannah, where it fell into the hands of the colonial troops.

### Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out, free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

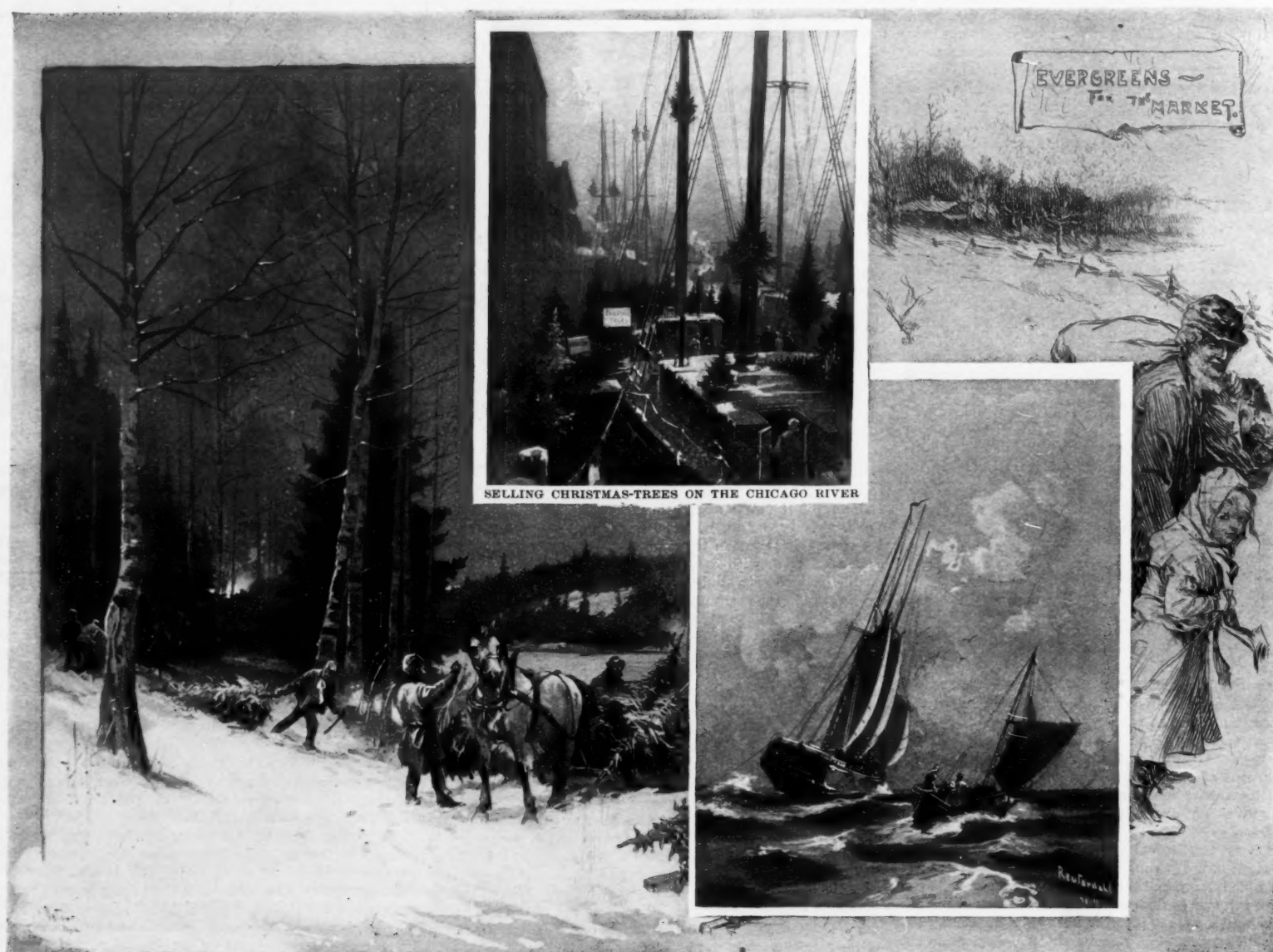
Royal is the greatest of all the baking



powders in strength, purity, healthfulness

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

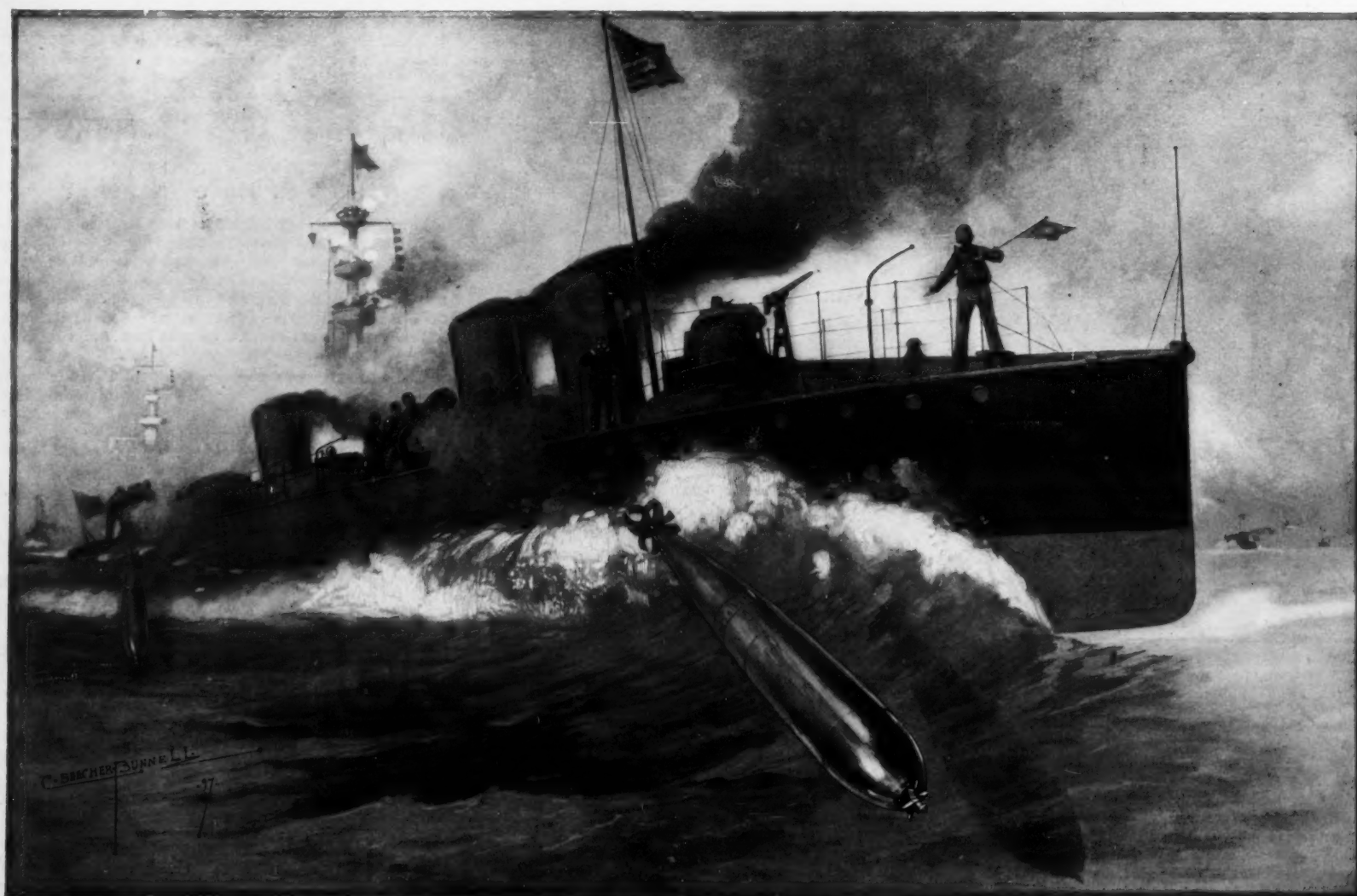




CUTTING TREES IN THE WOODS OF MICHIGAN.

AN EVERGREEN CARGO FOR CHICAGO.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE HARVEST AROUND THE GREAT LAKES.—[SEE PAGE 441.]



TYPICAL NEW TORPEDO-BOAT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: 5,600 HORSE-POWER; SPEED, THIRTY KNOTS AN HOUR.—[SEE PAGE 444.]





"HAIL, FAIR LONDONDERRY!"

#### THE HOODOO.

WILLIE JIMPKINS lost his leg—  
Got in a trolley's way;  
Santa brought a pair of skates  
For Willie's Christmas day.—Judge.

#### WHAT! NO SANTA CLAUS?

MUCH of the poetry of Christmas will be lost if, as proposed, the story of Santa Claus is dropped. The good old saint has existed too long, and his story is too pretty, to be taken away from the children of to-day and to-morrow. It is a most excellent lie; and if the iron-clad truth-teller must have his way then let us abolish every legend in every book and so put aside the finest of our literature, in verse and prose, and confine ourselves to the uninteresting fact.—Judge.

#### TURN ABOUT.

MRS. O'HARA—"They say hoop-skirts is gittin' into fashion agin."  
Mrs. O'Grady—"Thin fashion will be gittin' into hoop-skirts agin."—Judge.

THE Christmas spirit broadens a man of family; he feels like a flap-jack when the season is over.—Judge.

#### BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

No brand of whiskey has been more counterfeited than the Pepper Whiskey, notwithstanding the fact that most strenuous efforts have been made by James E. Pepper & Company, of Lexington, Kentucky, to guard against the same. The genuine distillery bottling of Old Pepper Whiskey is distilled only by the above firm and under the same formula for more than one hundred years. The standing of this house is a guarantee that their whiskey is absolutely pure, and in order to be on the safe side when purchasing Old Pepper Whiskey see that each bottle has their patented coupon. A sample case at fifteen dollars will be sent on trial, and if not satisfactory can be returned and the money refunded. The motto of James E. Pepper & Company, of Lexington, Kentucky, is "Don't let whiskey get the best of you, but get the best of whiskey."

GULMANT will give his second recital in Mendelssohn Hall on December 28th. The great organist will give a new programme and again be heard in some of his improvisations, with which he had been so remarkably successful in his last recital. Mme. Emma Juch will assist M. Gulmant, and be heard in New York for the first time this season. She will sing one of Gulmant's compositions and a group of songs.

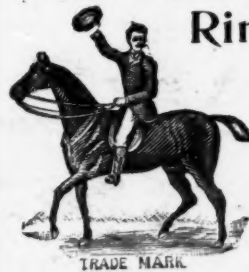
#### Making a Prison Round on a "Bike."

TRUE, it is not a very modern wheel, but it is a very modern use to which it is put. A bicycle looks so incongruous in a reformatory, that to see the chief of the night watch gliding noiselessly up the long corridors, a lantern suspended from the handle-bar, is a sight as novel as it is startling. Imprisoned within this great reformatory are from nineteen hundred to two thousand men, between the ages of sixteen and thirty, at night all locked securely in cells, as



THE CHIEF OF THE NIGHT WATCH MAKING HIS ROUNDS IN THE NEW YORK STATE REFORMATORY.

shown in the picture. From the starting point to the farthest extremity of the prison and back again is a distance of about a mile and a half, and back and forth over this route the chief of the night watch rides his wheel every night of the year. The floors are all smooth stone, and the riding is therefore easy. Some of the distance is through long, partially lighted passages, and, as in perhaps all departments of prison duty, a man is required to have a cool nerve and a brave heart. The bicycle has become a factor in all departments of activity, and its utility in prison work is one of the latest uses to which it is applied.



#### Ring in the New Year.

With the ringing of the bells and the compliments of

**HUNTER** 10 YEARS OLD  
**BALTIMORE RYE,**

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY.

May we all live long and prosper with  
**STRENGTH, HEALTH and GOOD CHEER.**

PLEASE TRY

# Cascaret

CANDY CATHARTIC

10¢  
25¢ 50¢

**THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP**

ALL DRUGGISTS.





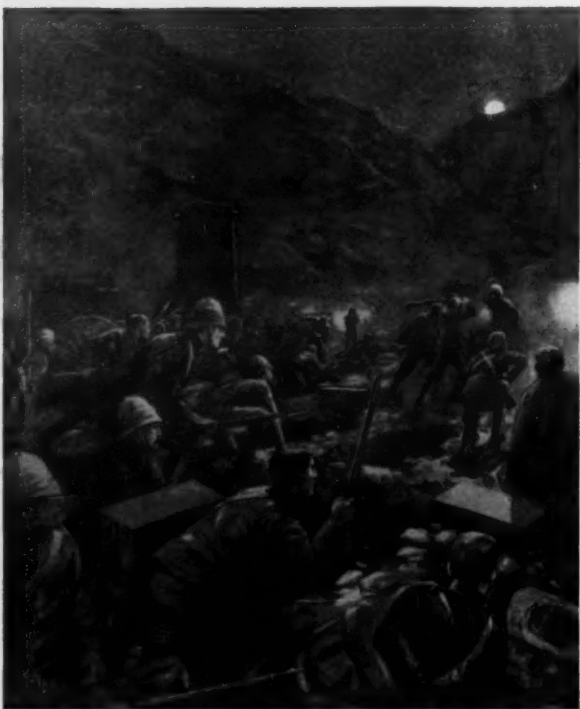
A BRITISH GUNBOAT ON THE UPPER NILE—PLAYING MAXIM GUNS ON THE SOUDANESE "BAGGARA HORSE," AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF METEMMEH.—*Illustrated London News.*



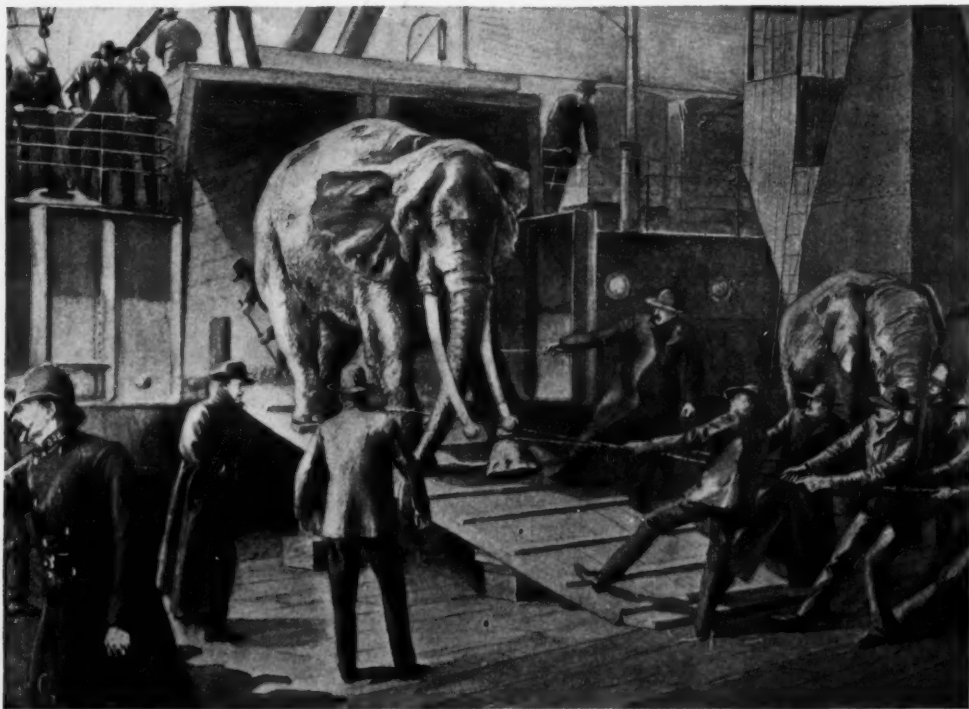
A ROYAL SHOOT—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT LAMBTON CASTLE, SEAT OF THE EARL OF DURHAM.  
*Illustrated London News.*



THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN—HAULING A DAMAGED GUNBOAT ASHORE FOR REPAIRS AT BERBER, ON THE NILE.—*London Graphic.*



ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER—BRITISH TROOPS REPULSING A MID-NIGHT "RUSH" OF AFRIDI TRIBESMEN.—*Black and White.*



BARNUM'S SHOW IN ENGLAND—LANDING OF "FRITZ," THE BIGGEST ELEPHANT.  
*Black and White.*



### THREE OF A KIND.

YOUNG MASTER WILLIAM (angrily, to his colored boy)—"What did you do with that parcel Miss Mollie sent over for my Christmas present?"

"War dat fo' yo'?" Ah done kep' it."

"You had no business to keep it. It had my name on it—Mr. Will."

"Yes-sah, but dar's three Marster Wills in dis yere house. Dar's me, sah; an' yo', sah; an' ole boss, sah."—Judge.

### WINNING ITS WAY.

By reason of superior equipment (magnificent in every detail), limited express time, *à la carte* dining-car, and, in fact, all that goes to make an up-to-date traveling palace.

The *Black Diamond Express* between New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls is commanding attention from the traveling public, to whom it is so successfully catering.

Then, too, the Lehigh Valley Railroad operate three express trains daily, New York, Philadelphia, to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, and the West.

These trains are standard equipment, vestibuled throughout, Pullman sleeping- and parlor-cars, dining-cars *à la carte*, Pintsch gas, modern in every particular, second only to the *Black Diamond Express*.

Write for descriptive matter to Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Your father made cocktails with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You make them now. The Bitters are the same. Druggists. Grocers.

Every piano bought of Sohmer & Co. will be found strictly as represented, and warranted.

Any New Year's Table is incomplete without Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, the finest appetizer.

**Advice to Mothers:** Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Price has been reduced on the original old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at 8 cents a bar, two bars for 15 cents. Quality same as for last 33 years, "best of all." Ask your grocer for it.

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

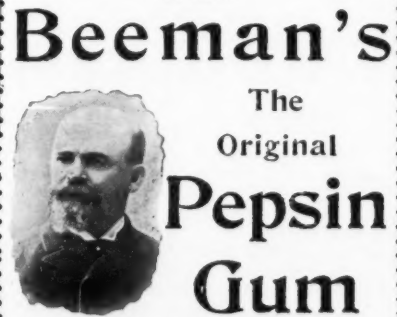
## BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST  
DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A  
DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers,  
Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

**WIGS** Whiskers, Plays, Tricks, and Novelties. Ill'd Catalogue free. C. E. MARSHALL, Mgr., Lockport, N. Y.

## BEEMAN'S



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

## FLORIDA MIDWINTER SUN-BATHS.

### LOW RATES

to Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, and all points South.

New York to Charleston, S. C. direct.	TO FLORIDA VIA CLYDE LINE.	New York to Jacksonville, Fla. without change.
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At 3 P. M. from Pier 29 E. R., New York. Steamers arrive Jacksonville in daylight, connecting with outgoing morning trains.

Tickets include Meals and State-room Berth, thus making the cost about 40 per cent less than via all rail.

Clyde Vessels are smoothest-sailing passenger-ships to the South.

**CUISINE UNSURPASSED CABIN THE VERY BEST. ACCOMMODATIONS.**  
*Beautifully Illustrated Booklet—Gratis.*

WM. P. CLYDE & Co., General Agents,  
5 Bowling Green, New York. 12 So. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

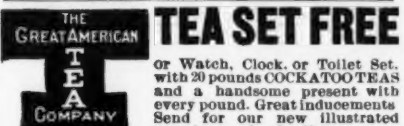
THOS. G. EGGER, Traffic Manager. W. H. HENDERSON, Gen'l East'n Pass. Agent.  
W. H. WARBURTON, Gen'l Trav. Pass. Agt.

5 Bowling Green, New York City.



The more you use it the more you like it—It's purifying and beautifying—does away with paints, powders and cosmetics, keeps skin healthy and gives the complexion a natural beauty.

Sold by druggists.



THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,  
31 and 33 Vesey St., New York. P. O. Box 239.

### LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of November, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named streets in the

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—CHEEVER PLACE, from Mott Avenue to Gerard Avenue, EAST 158TH STREET, from Morris Avenue to Railroad Avenue.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—HOLLY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to the northern boundary of the city of New York.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, November 30th, 1897.

PROPOSALS for Fresh Cow's Milk will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Meats will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Condensed Cow's Milk will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Five Thousand Tons Coal will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Fresh Fish, etc., will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Poultry will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Twelve Hundred Tons White Ash Coal will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Thursday, December 23d, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Groceries, Provisions, etc., will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Tuesday, December 21st, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

PROPOSALS for Seven Thousand Eight Hundred Barrels Flour will be opened at the office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on Tuesday, December 21st, 1897.

For particulars, see "City Record."

OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

No. 150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

ATTENTION OF CONTRACTORS, MANUFACTURERS OF STRUCTURAL IRON, BRIDGE BUILDERS, and others is called to an advertisement in the "City Record" for the construction of a STEEL VIADUCT AND APPROACHES over and upon 12th Avenue, from near 127th Street to near 135th Street, in the City of New York.

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS, Commissioner of Public Works.

NOTICE: Estimates for extending Piers new 20 and 21, North River, near foot of Chambers and Duane streets, Contract 624, will be received by Department of Docks, Pier "A," Battery Place, until 11.30 A. M., December 30th, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

NOTICE: Estimates for building recreation structures on piers foot of Christopher and West Fiftieth streets, North River, and for building freight and passenger shed on pier at West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, will be received by the Department of Docks, Pier "A," Battery Place, until 11.30 A. M., December 23d, 1897. For particulars, see "City Record."

The new Sohmer building now in course of erection, southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and twenty-second Street, will be ready for occupancy on or about the first of next February, when the well-known piano manufacturers of that name, who have been located for the past twenty-five years at 149 to 155 East Fourteenth Street, will occupy the ground and lower floor for their warerooms. This move will accommodate their large up-town trade, making access more convenient, being centrally located and readily accessible by all surface and elevated lines. A full line of their celebrated manufacture will be constantly on exhibition.



## Direct from Distiller to Consumer

Saving Middlemen's Profits,  
Preventing Possibility of Adulteration.

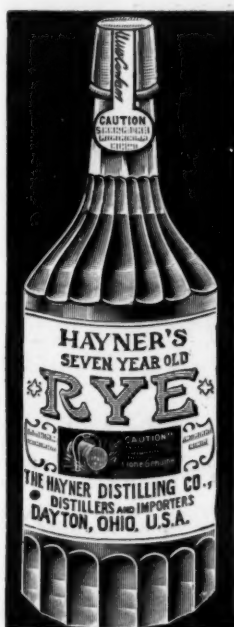
We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years standing. We sell to consumers direct, so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. Adulterated whiskey is dangerous, abominable, yet it is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. We want more of them, and we make this offer to get them:

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents (which will avoid possible comment). When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey can not be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are dealers, buying and selling. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

Our References—Dun or Bradstreet, Third National Bank or any business house in Dayton.

Hayner Distilling Co., 308 to 314 W. 5th St. Dayton, O.



[We guarantee that the above firm will do as agreed.—EDITOR.]

### CALIFORNIA.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

AMERICA is a great country. In variety and grandeur of natural scenery it is unrivaled. Its wooded heights, its fertile valleys, its boundless plains, its rugged and rocky mountains, its great lakes, its balmy slopes are the admiration of all mankind. To traverse this great country, to behold its diversities and its wonders, is a liberal education, a revelation to the immature metropolitan citizen. The personally-conducted tour to California under the direction of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company which leaves New York on January 8th, 1898, affords a most excellent opportunity to view the vast variety and boundless beauty of this marvelous land. The party will travel westward in special Pullman cars in charge of a tour-t agent and chaperon, stopping en route at Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, Glenwood Springs, and Salt Lake City. In California visits will be made to Monterey and the famous Hotel Del Monte, Santa Cruz, San José, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino, Redlands, and Pasadena. The party will return on the "Golden Gate Special," the finest train that crosses the continent, leaving Los Angeles February 2d, and stopping at Tucson, El Paso, and St. Louis. Eighteen days will be spent in California. Round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses during entire trip, \$335 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad System east of Pittsburg; \$380 from Pittsburg. For itinerary and full information, apply to ticket-agents, or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

### THE HANDSOMEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD

is the *Black Diamond Express*, between New York and Buffalo, via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Pullman standard equipment throughout, consisting of vestibuled, gas-lighted, steam-heated café car (*à la carte*), parlor and observation cars, with all the conveniences and comforts conceivable. Leaves New York every day at noon, except Sunday.

### LIES.

The heading that would fitly stand, If one should rightly place it, For Weyler's news of Cuban land Would surely be "He jacet."

M. C. HUNGERFORD, in Judge.

**ROMEIKE'S** Press-Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched for your notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 139 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**LONDON (ENGLAND).**  
**THE LANCHAM** Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

**OPIUM** and Liqueur Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

For reliable information, inclose 3-cent stamp to Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Cal.

**ELECTRICAL** Bicycle, and Photo. Novelties, low prices, 100 page cat FREE. M. E. CO., 22 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

**R**UPTURE CURED WITHOUT OPERATION. Book of information, 10c. Address S. J. Sherman, Rupture Specialist, 29 E. 2d St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Consultation daily, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

**FINE BLOODED** Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogues. 150 engravings. N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.



## Ball-Pointed Pens

### Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others.

### FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 99 William St.; EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.; TOWER MANUFACTURING CO., 306 Broadway, New York. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market St., Philadelphia. HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 5 Milk St., Boston. A. C. McCLURE & Co., 117 Wabash Ave., Chicago. BROWN BROTHERS, Ltd., 68 King St., Toronto.

## DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

40 Gold Medals Awarded for Purity. As supplied to Her Majesty the Queen, and the Royal Family.





## A MISCONSTRUCTION.

CHOLLY—"Aw—what did your fawthaw leave the room so suddenly faw?"  
 ETHEL—"I'm afraid he's bound for that horrid club."  
 CHOLLY—"Oh, for heaven's sake hide me, Ethel! I'm no match faw him, ye know, even without a club."



## Attracts Attention

The shoe that is polished with Vici Leather Dressing looks new, looks soft, looks comfortable, looks right.

## VICI Leather Dressing

is the peer of all shoe polishes for men's, women's and children's shoes, as Vici Kid is the king of all leathers for style and wear. Ask your dealer.

An illustrated book of instruction "How to Buy and Care for your Shoes," mailed free.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia, Pa.

This Publication is printed with Ink manufactured by

FRED'K H. LEVEY CO.,

89 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

Don't let Whisky get the best of you. Get the BEST of Whisky, which is the Genuine Distillery Bottling of



Old Pepper Whisky and old  
 Henry Clay Rye  
 Bottled and Distilled ONLY by  
 Jas. E. Pepper & Co.,  
 LEXINGTON, KY.

Under the same Formula for more than 100 YEARS, is guaranteed absolutely the PUREST and BEST in the World.

SAMPLE CASE, \$15.00.

Sent on trial, which, if not satisfactory, can be returned and money will be refunded.

Read and save the Coupons on Old Pepper Whisky and Old Henry Clay Rye, and see who gets the \$5,500 in addition to the \$1.00 per dozen.

THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R

New York Warerooms, 149-155 East 14th St.  
 Will remove to new SOHMER BUILDING  
 170 Fifth Ave., cor. 22d Street, about February.



trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.  
 THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

URBANA  
 WINE COMPANY  
 Gold-Seal  
 Champagne

For Sale by  
 all leading Wine Dealers  
 and Grocers.

Post-Office:  
 URBANA, N. Y.

Arnold  
 Constable & Co.  
 Lyons Silks.

Corded Silks and Satins for  
 Evening Wear.

Barré and Plaid Silks.

White Silks and Satins for Wedding  
 Gowns.

Crêpes and Grenadines.

LYONS VELVETS.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

EARL & WILSON'S  
 LINEN  
 COLLARS & CUFFS  
 BEST IN THE WORLD.

It's a Cold Day

when

*Vigoral*

comforts most—revives, invigorates. A veritable foe to fatigue. Prepared in a minute with cold or hot water. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.

Our little pamphlet "Various Views on Vigoral" for the asking.

Armour & Company, Chicago.



Wherever the pain is there apply an

**Allcock's** Porous Plaster

THE STANDARD EXTERNAL REMEDY.

There are many imitations of this well-known plaster, so be sure you get the genuine "Allcock's." Don't accept a substitute.

Photographed from Life.



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THE BLACKVILLE GALLERY.—No. 1.

REHEARSAL OF THE BLACKVILLE CHOIR—"GRANDPAP, GIB US DE BASE!"

(NEXT WEEK, "THE BLACKVILLE WEDDING.")

Platinotype Photographs from the original negative may be had. Send 4 cents for Illustrated Booklet.

SIZE. PRICE. COLORED.  
 22x28 \$2.00 \$3.00  
 14x17 1.00 1.50 Postpaid.

KNAFFL & BRO., Knoxville, Tenn.



Why **THE CLUB = COCKTAILS** Are Best

Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and, admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality.

In the past the male sex were the only ones privileged to partake of that daintiest of American drinks, the "Cocktail." With the innovation of Club Cocktails it has been made possible for the gentler sex to satisfy its curiosity in regard to the concoction about which so much has been written and said, and which has heretofore not been obtainable by them.

AVOID IMITATIONS.  
 Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors  
 39 Broadway, New York.  
 Hartford, Conn 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

It may be true what some men say.  
 It maun be true what a'men say."  
**PUBLIC OPINION**  
 endorses Sapolio.—  
 It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

**SEN-SEN** THROAT EASE  
 and BREATH PERFUME.  
 Good for Old and Young.  
 At all dealers or sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps.  
 SEN-SEN CO. DEPT 1  
 ROCHESTER, N.Y.



**NO-TO-BAC**

It all rests with you whether you continue the nerve-de-  
stroying tobacco habit or not. **NO-TO-BAC** quickly re-  
moves the desire for tobacco, without causing nervous  
distress. It eradicates nicotine, purifies the blood,  
restores lost manhood, makes you strong in  
weight, health, nerve and pocket book, and  
all without effort or strain. Start the  
new year with a clean system, with a  
pure breath, with new nerve, with  
the faculty of making others  
happy—a new man. Throw  
off the bondage of the  
tobacco-habit easi-  
ly, effectively,  
permanent-  
ly, by  
taking

You  
take no  
chances  
when you take  
**NO-TO-BAC.** Now  
is the time for begin-  
ning, and we guarantee  
the end. It is a plain, honest  
proposition based on our expe-  
rience—1,000,000 boxes sold, 300-  
000 cases cured. Buy **NO-TO-BAC** today  
from your own druggist, who knows us and  
will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently  
persistently. One box, \$1.00, usually cures a case;  
three boxes, \$2.50, are guaranteed to do it, or we re-  
fund purchase money cheerfully without quibble or quarrel.

Get booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away", and free sample for the asking. Address nearest office.

**THE STERLING REMEDY CO.**      **Chicago.**      **Montreal, Can.**      **New York.**

# GRAPHOPHONE

**THE MOST WONDERFUL PLEASURE-MAKER OF THE AGE.**

ON A **GRAPHOPHONE.**

you can make records of music, or of voices, or of any sound. To be preserved and reproduced at any time.

THUS it affords endless delight and instruction, besides enabling one to keep priceless mementoes of friends—perhaps the sound of the voice that is still.

The Graphophone makes it possible to have in the home at any time, the music of splendid bands and orchestras, songs sung by famous singers, or any of the pleasures that appeal to the ear.

It is, however, a perfect recording and reproducing machine. Its performances are not limited to reproducing records sold for amusement purposes.

**YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS.**

**GRAPHOPHONES** are sold for **\$10** and up.

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**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.,**  
**DEPT. B. C.**

NEW YORK—1155, 1157, 1159 Broadway. PHILADELPHIA—1032 Chestnut Street.  
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ST. LOUIS—720-722 Olive Street. BUFFALO—313 Main Street.

New York is the greatest Winter Resort on this Continent, and the through trains of the New York Central and its connections land you in the centre of the hotel, residence and theatre district.

It is cheaper to ride on the New York Central than to stay at home.



# HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer



**RENEW** your hair and you renew your youth. Age is marked by sparse and scanty locks, gray or whitening hair. The only bar to renewing the hair is to find the hair renewer.

## HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

is just what its name implies—a hair renewer. It makes new hair by nourishing the shrunken roots. It strengthens the hair-producing organs, the secretions of the follicles recommence, a new supply of natural coloring matter is provided, and grayness gives way before growth. Used as a dressing, it prevents the thinning and falling of the hair, and preserves the scalp clean, healthy, and free from dandruff.

"I have used Hall's Hair Renewer for the last thirty-five years, and I know it will do all that it is recommended to do. It will restore the color, cure dandruff, and prevent the hair from falling out. I believe I would to-day be bald-headed and gray if it had not been for the use of Hall's Hair Renewer. It will certainly restore the color, and I don't hesitate to recommend it."—R. M. TUCKER, M.D., Helena, Ala.

"Many years ago, the writer, who had lost almost all of his hair, had restored to him a luxuriant growth of hair by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer."—SOLON S. GOODE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"I have been using your Hair Renewer for several months, and find it one of the best cures for dandruff in existence, and have caused a number of persons to try it. They all recommend it highly."—I. M. RANDOLPH, Brookfield, Linn Co., Mo.

"Some time since I had a hard case of fever and was sick for seven weeks. When I began to amend my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used one bottle of Hall's Hair Renewer and my hair came back as thick as ever. I consider Hall's Hair Renewer the finest of hair preparations."—A. A. HARPER, Florist, 1724 East 6th Avenue, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Prepared by R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.



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